

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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TO EMILY F— FOR A FRIEND.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

These children of a changeful clime—
These sweet-lipped darlings of the May,
Dear Emily, with a simple rhyme,
I send to thee as sweet as they.
Oh, happy flowers—oh, simple flowers;
What memories of long ago,
What dreams of summer suns and showers,
What twilight's wild with wind and snow,
Ye gather round my heart once more—
Each with its passing joy or pain
Scared, for the best days of your—
Till I am half a child again:
The dim old orchard where we played,
The cherry-blossoms white as snow,
Or the rich fruit, the maple-shade,
And the soft winds that used to blow
Tending the billows of green wheat—
Crested with daisies daintily,
And odor-fraught "meadow-sweet,"
Like silver boats adrift at sea.
The ripening fields, the harvest-wain,
The old gray barn, with ample doors
Wide open for the rustling grain,
And orchard's russet Autumn stores—
The two wild harper pines, that sang
The mournful poems of the year—
Whose plaintive chords are all unstrung,
Whose vibrant boughs are gray and bare!
And Emily, the old, old tree!
The butter-ut of stalwart limb,
With the wild summer blowing free
Thro' all its antique chambers—dim
With spicy perfume, and the brown
Beliefs of shadowy, soothing leaves,
And clustering nuts, that rustled down
O'er the red squirrels' nestwood eaves.
There we, the innocent children, played
Thro' all the golden summer-tide—
And many a pilgrim foot hath stayed
In its cool shelter, green and wide.
(The children are scattered—the tree is dead,
And many a spring-dime's wind and rain
Hath planted flowers o'er a buried head
That never will shine in our play again!)
The door home's weather-beaten wall—
The shining roof, and windows bright
With welcome fire—I see them all,
These flowers have called them back to-night.
But not these flowers, that wildly fling
Such haunting memories o'er my soul,
Nor the sweet voice of any spring,
Nor summers, changing as they roll,
Can give our hungry hearts once more
The vanished angels of the past,
That thro' the old home's open door
Went, with our childhood's dream, at last!
St. Louis, Mo.

THE CASTLE'S HEIR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. ELLEN WOOD,
AUTHOR OF "THE KALI'S DAUGHTERS," "DARBY
HURRY HOME," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year
1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office
of the District Court for the Eastern District of
Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER V.

RICHARD RAVENSBIRD.

Lord Dane grew impatient in his chair of
state. The warrant, committing Richard
Ravensbird for the wilful murder of his son,
was already made out; it wanted only the sig-
nature, and that waited but for the formality
of Mitchell's evidence. Mr. Appery busied
himself with his papers, the prisoner leaned
against the wall, the inspector was in a brown
study, his arms folded, while the servants col-
lected outside in groups, to express their hor-
ror and aversion of their late comrade, Ravens-
bird.
"Here's Mitchell, here's Mitchell," briskly
cried out Mr. Appery, feeling the approach of
the man. "Now, then, we shall soon have it
over."
The preventive man came in, under the wing
of Supervisor Cotton. He looked pale and ill
still, and Lord Dane ordered him a chair, while
he gave his evidence. He testified to hearing
the disputing sounds, to seeing indistinctly
the struggle, and to the fall of Captain Dane.
"Thrown over by Ravensbird," said hot
tongued Lawyer Appery.
"Yes," responded Mitchell.
"Were there no signs of life whatever in
my son?" inquired Lord Dane, struggling with
his inward feelings.
"None, my lord: he was as dead as ever I
saw anybody. I wish I could have carried him
away with me in my arms, my lord, instead
of leaving him to be washed away with the
tide; but it was beyond my strength. I wish
I had not felt into that fit: there'd have been
time to get to him."

"You could not help
it, Mitchell," replied
Lord Dane, in a sad,
kind tone. "Did you
recognize him to be my
son on the heights be-
fore he fell?"
Mitchell shook his
head.
"Impossible, my
lord. It was only
moonlight, and the
scuffle did not seem to
last a moment hardly,
before he was over. It
was only when I got
to him, trying to lift
him up, that I saw it
was Captain Dane."
An interruption came
from the prisoner. He
had fixed his stern
black eyes on Mitchell
when the man first en-
tered, never removing
them, they seemed to
devour every turn of
his countenance, every
word that fell from his
mouth.
"My lord," said he,
turning to Lord Dane,
"the worst criminal,
brought to the bar, is
allowed an advocate by
the English law, but I
have been hurried here
without one. Having
none, I should like to ask the witness a ques-
tion, myself."
"Ask it," assented Lord Dane.
"You have just sworn that it was impos-
sible you could recognize Captain Dane upon the
heights, that it was only moonlight, and the
scuffle lasted but a moment," proceeded the
prisoner to Mitchell, availing himself of the
permission. "If you could not recognize him,
how could you recognize me?"
"I did not recognize you," returned Mit-
chel.
A pause. The prisoner spoke out again
eagerly, passionately.
"Then why did you say you did?"
"I didn't say it."
"You did. As I am told."
"No, I did not say it. My eyesight did not
carry me so far," was Mitchell's rejoinder;
but he was interrupted by the police in-
spector.
"Do you mean to deny, Mitchell, now you
are on your oath, that it was Ravensbird who
slung over Captain Dane?"
"I couldn't say that it wasn't, or that it
was, sir. It might have been him, or it might
have been anybody else in this room, for all I
saw."
The inspector looked at Lord Dane.
"I understood your lordship, last night, that
Mitchell had seen and recognized Ravensbird as
the offender."
"I understood so," returned Lord Dane, "I
was so informed. You, for one, Appery, cer-
tainly said so."
Mr. Appery brought his spectacles severely
down upon the countenance of Mitchell, and
spoke in a sharp, quick tone.
"You know you said last evening in the
guard-house, that it was Ravensbird."
"I said it was sure to have been Ravensbird,
because of the quarrel he had with his master
in the morning," answered Mitchell. "As I
was coming to, after my attack, and telling
what I had seen, somebody exclaimed—and I
do believe it was yourself, Mr. Appery—that
it must have been Ravensbird, and I agreed,
saying there was no doubt of it. But I never
said it was Ravensbird from my own knowl-
edge; from my own eyesight."
"Then are we to understand, Mitchell,
that you do not positively know who it was,
that was engaged in the conflict with my son?
—that you did not recognize the person?"
asked Lord Dane.
"I did not, my lord. I surmised it to be Mr.
Ravensbird, on account of the quarrel, but I
could not see who the people were scuffling on
the heights. Had Captain Dane not fallen, I
could not have known him to be one. The
other might have been a woman, for all I could
see."
The party felt rather nonplussed. Every one
present, including the usually keen and cor-
rect inspector, had fully understood that Mit-
chel could swear to Ravensbird. The misap-
prehension had gone abroad, carried from one
to the other.
"It makes little difference," cried Lawyer
Appery, who was the first to speak. "It could
have been nobody but Ravensbird. He owed
his master a grudge, and he paid him out: he
may not have intended a fatal termination."
"But it makes every difference," interrupted
the prisoner, in agitation. "If a credible
witness says he saw a man commit murder, he
is believed; but, if it turns out that he never
saw it, and never said it, it makes all the dif-
ference. My lord," he added, "I swear I was
not the assailant of your son: I swear I never
saw him after I left here in the morning."
Lord Dane looked annoyed at the appeal.
His belief that Ravensbird was the guilty man
was firm as a rock. Mr. Appery spoke up
authoritatively.



HERBERT DANE'S INTERVIEW WITH THE LADY ADELAIDE.

"Assertions go for nothing, prisoner. Per-
haps you'll account for your time yesterday,
hour by hour, up to ten o'clock at night."
"Yes, I can," somewhat doggedly returned
the prisoner. "After I quit the castle I
went straight to the Sailer's Rest, and the land-
lord can tell you so."
"But you may not have stopped at the Sal-
lor's Rest."
"I did stop at it; and twenty people, going
in and out, saw me there; and I dined and had
tea with the landlord and his wife."
"Well—after tea?"
"After tea I sat in the parlor with the land-
lady till it was half past seven, and then I
went out for a stroll."
The inspector picked up his cane and ex-
changed glances with Mr. Appery. The latter
continued, his dry, hard tone speaking volumes.
"Where did you stroll to? Which road?"
"I don't know that that matters to any-
body," was the somewhat sullen answer.
"Perhaps it was up this road?"
"Perhaps it was; perhaps it wasn't," re-
turned the prisoner. But all present felt that
it was.
"Why, bless my heart!" uttered the law-
yer, nearly jumping from his chair with the
suddenness that the recollection flashed upon
him. "I met you myself, Ravensbird. I was
on my way home from a client's, and encoun-
tered you coming up this way. It was about
seven o'clock. You cannot deny it."
"I have not attempted to deny it, Mr. Ap-
pery."
"Well, now, the question is—What time
did you get back again to the Sailer's Rest?"
Ravensbird answered the question by ask-
ing another, looking at Mitchell as he did so.
"What time was it that you saw the scuffle,
and the fall?"
"It had gone the half hour past eight," was
the immediate reply of Mitchell. "It was hard
upon the quarter to nine."
Ravensbird coolly folded his arms and drew
back.
"That settles it, then," said he, with the
air of a man who has done with contention;
"I was back inside the Sailer's Rest at
twenty minutes past eight, and I did not stir
out again."
It, however, by no means "settled" it. For
not one believed him. They could not have
been more fully persuaded that he was the cul-
prit had they actually seen him with their own
eyes pitch over Captain Dane.
"I gather," said Lord Dane, "that you
were—according to your own account—absent
from the inn somewhere about an hour as a
half. Where did you pass that interval?"
"My lord, I must decline to answer,"
promptly replied the prisoner.
"You refuse to state, sir?"
"Yes, my lord. I was at the Sailer's Rest
at the time the crime is stated to have been
committed, and could have had nothing to do
with it; therefore I would respectfully sub-
mit to your lordship, that my movements,
preceding it, have no right to be inquired into."
"Now don't you go drifting against rocks,
prisoner, or maybe you'll split upon them,"
interposed the inspector. "When a man's af-
fected on a capital charge, it is the business of
the law to work up and bring to light, not only
his movements and doings, but every particu-
lar respecting him. So you will do well to
answer his lordship."
"I decline to answer," was the only re-
sponse, reiterated by the prisoner.
However convinced Lord Dane, the solicitor,
and the police, might feel, that Ravensbird
was guilty, it was yet necessary to show jus-

table grounds for the opinion, ere the war-
rant was acted upon. Ravensbird was detained
in custody at the castle, while the inspector
went to make inquiries in the town. And he
brought back news which completely baffled
Lord Dane.
Ravensbird and his wife, in conjunction with
two or three other respectable witnesses, de-
clared that Ravensbird was back at the Sailer's
Rest by twenty minutes past eight, and that
he did not quit it again. He sat in the parlor
common to the guests till eleven, when the
house closed up, and then retired to his cham-
ber. The inspector examined himself "satisfied"
by the news.
But what about the warrant? Why, it was
of no use, and had been made out for nothing;
for it could not be put in force against Ravens-
bird. Neither was there any plan for detain-
ing him in custody in the face of so distinct an
alibi; and he was discharged.
"Only to be retaken," observed Lord Dane,
as the man quitted the hall. "I do not clearly,
at present, understand how it could be; either
there is an error in the stated time, or some
other false plea has been set up; but that
Ravensbird is the guilty man, I feel a positive
conviction. And he will soon be retaken on
the charge."
"Not he," angrily dissented Mr. Appery,
who was more vexed than anybody at the ter-
mination; not that he was a malicious man,
but his mind also was fully made up. "Now
that he has got his liberty, my lord, he'll be
putting distance between himself and this
place with the seven-leagued boots of Jack
in the fairy tale; and when anything fresh turns
up to retake him upon, he'll be *non est*."
"I could not do otherwise," returned Lord
Dane, "I could not commit him in the teeth
of evidence. Nevertheless, I am certain the
man is guilty; and the very fact of his refus-
ing to state where he was, or how he passed
his time during a portion of the evening would
almost condemn him. An innocent man has
nothing to conceal."
Near the gate before mentioned, stood Her-
bert Dane, when Ravensbird was released from
the castle. Not perched upon it, as was his
wont in gayer times, but leaning against it in
pensive sadness. That the untimely fate of
his cousin gave him much concern, was evi-
dent. He looked exceedingly surprised to see
Ravensbird approach, released from the hand-
cuffs, and unattended by the guardians of the
law.
"What! have they let you off, Ravens-
bird?" he uttered, as the man neared him.
"Could they do otherwise, Mr. Herbert?"
was the response of Ravensbird, stopping
short before him, as though he disdained to
shun inquiry.
"Do otherwise?" echoed Herbert. "Why,
the whole place is saying that there never was
a clearer case. Mitchell testifies that he saw
you push him over."
"No, he does not, Mr. Herbert," steadily
answered the man, bringing his piercing
black eyes to bear fully on the face of Herbert
Dane.
"Has he eaten his words, then, before my
lord?"
"No, sir. He never spoke the words; it
was a misconception altogether. When you see
Mitchell, had better inquire for yourself,
and you will find that he did not distinguish
who the strugglers were, he would not have
known the captain, but for his falling at his
feet."
"And so, on the strength of the uncer-
tainty, they have given you your liberty! I
suppose you will hasten now to put the sea,
or some equally effective barrier, between you
and England."

"Why should I?"
returned Ravensbird.
"An innocent man
does not fly like a
craven."
Herbert Dane very
nearly laughed.
"Innocent!" he ex-
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"Do you believe me
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interrupted the man,
drawing nearer with
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"I was about to say,
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"I make no doubt that
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to take cognizance of them. I felt sorry for
you at the time, feeling that my cousin, in his
passion (whatever may have called it forth),
must have been unjustifiably harsh, and I will
not put myself forward against you. More-
over, were you gibbeted on the nearest tree
this day, it could not bring your master back
to life."
"Sir," repeated Ravensbird, in the same
calm, matter-of-fact voice, "I asked if you be-
lieved me guilty."
"What a superfluous question!" was the
reply. "Do you suppose there's a soul in the
place but must believe in it—although you have
contrived to escape bonds. You ask me
if I believe you guilty, when I say that I could
hang you!"
"Then why don't you hang me?" returned
Ravensbird.
"I have told you why. I do not care to go
out of my way to do you harm; and it could
not benefit the dead. But guilty you certainly
are."
The way in which Ravensbird stood his
ground before Herbert Dane, stony, self-pos-
sessed, not a muscle of his face changing, not
a tremor in his voice, and his searching eyes
never moving from Herbert's face, astonished
the latter not a little.
"Then let me tell you that I am not guilty,
Mr. Herbert," spoke Ravensbird. "Let me tell
you something more, shall I?"
"Well!" responded Herbert, lifting his
questioning eyes.
"That I could this hour put my finger out
upon the guilty person. As certain as that
you and I, sir, are standing here, face to face,
I know the one who did the deed."
"What absurd treason are you uttering
now?" demanded Herbert, after a pause of
blank astonishment.
"No treason, and nothing absurd," was the
undaunted reply. "I could lay my hand
upon the party who murdered my master, as
readily as I now lay it upon this gate. But I
do not choose to do it; I bide my time."
Herbert Dane stared at the speaker from
head to foot; wondering, possibly, whether
the man was not giving utterance to a most
audacious falsehood.
"Will you venture to assert—allowing that
you were not one of the actors in it—that you
witnessed the scuffle on the heights?" he in-
quired.
"No, sir. I did not witness it; I was not
there. I was in the public room at the Sailer's
Rest at the time it took place, which proved
fact has baffled my lord and the police, and
compelled them to release me. But I know
who was on the heights, though I was not."
"And what may be your reasons for hold-
ing it secret, if you know so much?"
"That, sir, you must excuse me if I keep to
myself," was Ravensbird's reply. "But I
help, Mr. Herbert, you will not again accuse
me of being the guilty man. Good day, sir."
Ravensbird turned off towards Daneshelm as
he concluded, and Mr. Herbert Dane stood
watching him, deep in puzzled thought. Not
until the former was out of sight did he awake
from his reverie, and then he bent his steps
towards the castle.
"I'll know, at any rate, what grounds they
had for letting the fellow off," cried he, in
soliloquy.
He had reached the castle gate when it was
suddenly opened by Bruff, who was showing
out Mr. Appery. In another minute Herbert
was in possession of the facts testified—that
Ravensbird had been in the Sailer's Rest at the
time of the catastrophe.
"But, let be a bit, Mr. Herbert," continued
the lawyer, in excitement. "I can't question
the good faith of the witnesses, for I believe

them to be honest, and Hawthorne and his
wife, at all events, would be true to the Dane
family; but some tribulation is at work, some-
thing is up; the hands of the clock were un-
expectedly put back, or some other difficulty.
Ravensbird's the guilty man, and it will turn
out so."
"What do you think, Bruff?" questioned
Herbert, as Mr. Appery's mouthed hastily away,
and they stood looking after him.
"Well, sir, we don't—my upper servants—
know what to think. If apprehensions—that is,
the quarrel with his master, and his revenged
threats—hadn't been so much against him, we
should not have suspected Ravensbird, for he
never seemed that sort of bad man. Then,
again, the evidence just given has proved so,
as if Ravensbird was at the Sailer's Rest, he
couldn't have been here on the heights."
"Very true," responded Herbert, in a ven-
erbal tone, as though his thoughts were
elsewhere. "There appears to be some mys-
tery over it."
"They had my Lady Adelaide before them
in the hall this morning," proceeded Bruff,
dropping his voice. "And put the oath to
her."
"Lady Adelaide!" quickly repeated Herbert.
"Why, what does she know?"
"It seems she saw the scuffle, sir, or parti-
ally saw it—as of course we servants suspected
before, and that it was what frightened her—
and the inspector thought she might have re-
cognized the assailant."
"And did she?" asked Herbert Dane.
"Neither him nor the captain, sir. She
was too frightened, she says, and knows no-
thing."
"Open the door, Bruff. I am going in to
my lord."
Lord Dane was alone when Herbert entered
the hall. His lordship gave his nephew the
heads of what had transpired, dwelling much
upon the testimony of the witnesses which
tended to establish the alibi, but avowing his
positive belief, in spite of it, that Ravensbird
had been the man. Herbert agreed; and get-
ting the hall, went up stairs to the dressing-
rooms.
Lady Adelaide was alone. Herbert began
speaking, in a low and cautious tone, his eyes
ranging round the room, as though he feared
the walls might have ears, of the catastrophe
of the previous night. He was proceeding to
ask what she had seen, what had caused her
to scream, in the manner reported, when she
vehemently interrupted him.
"Don't enter upon it! don't speak to me!
If ever you so much as touch upon it to me by
the faintest allusion, I will never willingly
suffer you to come into my presence again."
He gazed at her in utter surprise; he could
not understand either her words or her behav-
ior.
"What do you mean, Adelaide? This to
me?"
"Yes, to you or to any one. I will not be
questioned, or reminded of the horrors of last
night. I could not bear it."
Herbert Dane felt vexed, considerably chafed,
and he showed it in his rejoinder.
"Does this indicate grief, inordinate grief,
for the loss of your declared love?"
"Never mind what it indicates," she an-
swered, bursting into tears. "Now that he is
gone, I feel how unjustifiable was my desolent
treatment of him. And if a promise of mine,
to marry him the next hour, would recall him
to life, I would joyfully give it."
"You are unfeeling, my dear," whispered
Herbert Dane, thinking it better to bury his
anxiety and surprise, and to soothe her;
but that she really was so unfeeling as to be
scarcely responsible for what she said, he be-
lieved. "What a pity it is," he more impetu-
ously broke forth, "that you went near the
ruins last night."
"I went there, hoping to meet you," she
reproachfully interrupted.
"My dearest, I know it," he hastened to put
in, in an appeasing tone. But she would not
let him continue, drowning his words with her
own.
"You told me in the day you should not be
there, if some friends came, whom you were
expecting; but you were alone, after the train
came in, and I judged that they had not come.
Moreover, I saw some one, as I stood at this
window, going towards the ruins in the moon-
light: I thought it might be you. And you re-
fused upon me for having gone!"
"Adelaide, what is the matter? Are you angry
because I did not go to the ruins? The two
Knights had given me a half promise to
come over yesterday and dine, but they did not
keep it; I did not much think they would. Of
course I could have gone to the ruins—and
I should, had I known you would be there. I
did not suppose you would go, not expecting
me, and I had a reason for stopping at home.
Harry Dane had said he would call in and
smoke a manilla; nine o'clock was the hour he
mentioned, but he was proverbially unceremonious,
and might have made his appearance earlier.
I did not deem it expedient to be out when he
came."
Lady Adelaide roused herself no answer. She
sat with her pale face cast down, playing with
the ornaments attached to her chain. Mr.
Herbert Dane resumed.
"You speak, and look, as though you had a

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quired.
"No, sir. I did not witness it; I was not
there. I was in the public room at the Sailer's
Rest at the time it took place, which proved
fact has baffled my lord and the police, and
compelled them to release me. But I know
who was on the heights, though I was not."
"And what may be your reasons for hold-
ing it secret, if you know so much?"
"That, sir, you must excuse me if I keep to
myself," was Ravensbird's reply. "But I
help, Mr. Herbert, you will not again accuse
me of being the guilty man. Good day, sir."
Ravensbird turned off towards Daneshelm as
he concluded, and Mr. Herbert Dane stood
watching him, deep in puzzled thought. Not
until the former was out of sight did he awake
from his reverie, and then he bent his steps
towards the castle.
"I'll know, at any rate, what grounds they
had for letting the fellow off," cried he, in
soliloquy.
He had reached the castle gate when it was
suddenly opened by Bruff, who was showing
out Mr. Appery. In another minute Herbert
was in possession of the facts testified—that
Ravensbird had been in the Sailer's Rest at the
time of the catastrophe.
"But, let be a bit, Mr. Herbert," continued
the lawyer, in excitement. "I can't question
the good faith of the witnesses, for I believe

approach to me, Adelaide. What is the cause? How have I offended you?"

"I am up from her chair, and Herbert no longer, as the school one hand to push her back from her, but the hand was shaking. She observed the hand of his eye, and saw that he observed her hand."

"I am—of you remarked, but now—unhappily to-day, not at the society of any one," she said. "I did not intend to cast a reproach to you for not meeting me at the house."

And, sweeping past him, she was quitting the room, when he laid his hand on her arm, to detain her.

"A moment, Adelaide. You may surely tell me what you would not to others—if you have anything to tell; anything you are concealing. Did you not recognize Harry Dane's adversary last night?—not by the faintest shadow of a clue? Every conjecture would point to Ravensbird, yet the man says, earnestly, that he is innocent."

Her face grew ashy white as she stood confronting him, and twice she essayed to speak, but no sound would come from her bloodless lips.

"I was had down this morning," she said, pointing to the floor with her hand, to indicate the hall underneath. "I was marshall of the law, a criminal, before my lord, and the police, and the lawyers—I know not whom. They made me take the oath; they put me to the question that you are doing. I told them I was unable to testify to the recognition of any one; I was too terrified last night to notice, or to make recognition. If I could not answer them, do you think it likely I can answer you? You forget yourself when you asked me."

"Forget yourself?" repeated Herbert, wondering more and more at her strange manner. "You forget yourself; or you would not so have spoken upon the very heads of my caution. I will forgive this, I will pass it over, believing you transgressed it through forgetfulness; but never, never attempt to open the subject to me again, for I would not suffer it with impunity."

She quitted finally the room, and Herbert advanced to the door and followed her with his eyes. He had never seen her like this. Always gay, always light-hearted, always loving and affectionate to him had she hitherto been. What had changed her? What had invoked her present dark mood? A contraction of perplexity knitted his brow, as he gazed after her; but she did not turn to look at him; at other times her nose and her smile had been his till she was out of sight. She sped on to her own apartments, and Herbert Dane quitted the castle.

That Lady Adelaide's conduct, touching the affair, was unaccountable, all must admit, but upon none had it made so deep an impression as upon the police inspector. After she had given her evidence, after Mitchell's remark that it might have been a woman, after Ravensbird appeared to be cleared, a most extraordinary idea flashed into the officer's mind, and grew there; was Lady Adelaide the one who had been disputing on the heights with Captain Dane?

CHAPTER VI.

THE CASTLE—THE SUNDAY.

But, on long another phase in the strange story was to be turned. As Herbert Dane was strolling down towards Damselhold from the castle, he encountered a man well known in the locality—better known than trusted, indeed. His name was Drake, and his ostensible occupation was that of a fisherman, to which he added as much smuggling as he could accomplish with impunity. He took of his blue, woollen cap, made after the form of a cotton nightcap, to salute Mr. Herbert Dane.

"A fine hoarse tale I've been a hearing of, master, since our boat got in," began he. "Folks be saying as the captain's got murdered, and his body's floating away in the sea. Derry Jones 'n' my knows to what part. Be it true?"

"It is an incomprehensible affair altogether, Drake, and seems to be shrouded in mystery; but I fear it is only too true. The body has not been found."

"Who was it, as attacked him on the heights, master?"

"Ah! that is the question," was Herbert Dane's response.

"They be saying, down in the village pond, as it turns out not to have been the captain's servant, though the thing was first put upon him, and he was took up."

"I know they are saying it; at least, I make no doubt they are."

"Well, now, master, perhaps I can throw some light upon this here. 'Twasn't be much, though."

"You?" returned Herbert, gazing at Drake.

"Yes, me. I had been up to Nut Cape, for I wanted to have a talk with old—that is, I had been up the road past the castle."

"Never mind speaking out, Drake," interrupted Herbert Dane, significantly, for the man had got confused when he broke off. "You had been up to Nut Cape to hold one of your confabs with that old smuggler, Beecher; that's about the English of it. But if I saw you pushing in a boat load of contraband goods under my very eyes, you might do it, for me; I have no way in the place, that I should interfere, and I concern myself with nobody's business but my own. So, go on, heartily."

"Well, I had been up to old Beecher's," acknowledged Drake, "but only for a yarn, indeed, master; nothing else. I stopped there longer than I ought, and was coming back again full pelt, when the boat might put off without me, when I heard voices in dispute."

"Whereabouts?" asked Herbert.

"I was on the brow of the heights, had kept close to it all the way, and was just about to turn round the chapel, between it and the sea, when my ear caught the sound. It seemed to come from the direction of the castle, and I ran across towards it, thinking I'd spare a moment to see what the row was. Standing about midway between the castle and the sea were two men; the one was speaking in a hoarse, threatening tone, and I had got a foot up to

him when I saw it was Captain Dane. Seeing that, of course I cut away again."

"Where do you say this was?" demanded Herbert, gazing some moments before he spoke.

"Between them ruined the castle; a trifle nearer the castle, maybe. 'Twasn't man was a stranger."

"A stranger?"

"Lastways he was a stranger to me; I'd never seen him afore, to my knowledge. A bigish sort of fellow, with a pack in his hand."

"A pack?" started Herbert again.

"Or somethin' that looked like one. If 'twasn't a pack, 'twas a big parcel. I didn't take much notice of him, seeing the other was the captain. The captain was blowing him up."

"In what terms?" cried Herbert, with vivid eagerness. "Can you remember?"

"How dare you, fellow?" I heard him say, and those were all the words I caught distinct. But I heard them both at it, ralling like, as I started off."

"What time was this?"

"Well, now, I can't be positive to a quarter of an hour," was Drake's reply. "'Twas past eight, and 'twasn't near nine; I should guess it might be a quarter past eight, rather more, maybe."

Herbert Dane mused; he was revolving the information.

"Are you sure, Drake," he asked, "that it was not Ravensbird?"

"Be I a better master, to have no sense in my eyes?" was Drake's response. "'Twasn't no more like Ravensbird than 'twas like me or you. 'Twas a chap rising five foot ten, with broad shoulders."

"You must speak of this affair before Lord Dane."

"I was on my way to the castle now, to do it; I know my duty. Not but what I'd rather go ten miles 't'other way, than face his lordship."

Herbert Dane laughed.

"He is not so lenient to you smugglers as you would like, and you fear him. But, if you can help his lordship to trace out this assassin of his son, it will no doubt atone for some old scores, Drake."

"Any ways it's my duty, having seen what I did see. And I'm not a going to shrink it, master."

He proceeded towards the castle, and Herbert Dane continued his way in the direction of Damselhold. But scarcely had he taken many steps when a slight bend in the road brought him to a milestone, hidden from his view previously; and half seated upon it, deep in thought, was Ravensbird.

"You are in a brown study, Ravensbird!" The man positively started. He had been so buried within himself as to be oblivious to the approach, and the voice aroused him abruptly.

"I was absent in last night's work, sir; that is, my spirit was," was Ravensbird's reply. "I did not hear you come up."

"Ravensbird," returned Herbert Dane, "if a man has been led into an error, the least he can do, is to acknowledge it, when his mind opens to the conviction that it was an error. I regret having avowed to you my belief that you were the destroyer of your master."

A peculiar smile, somewhat cynical in its nature, flitted over the features of Ravensbird.

"I find that another attacked Captain Dane on the heights last night; at any rate, that Captain Dane and another were having a broil together, about the time of the catastrophe; therefore it is but fair to infer that that other was the offender."

The smile on Ravensbird's face was exchanged for a look of astonishment.

"Who?" he uttered.

"Some strange man, with a pack in his hand. I should imagine it must have been a travelling hawker, or person of that class; such men have been known, before now, to commit evil deeds. He may have tried to extort money from Captain Dane, and, finding he could not, have proceeded to violence. One fact appears to be indisputable; that they were giving vent to angry passions, one against the other."

"Who saw, or heard this?" asked Ravensbird. "You, sir?"

"I," echoed Herbert Dane. "What a very senseless question! Had I witnessed it—or indeed anything else connected with the affair—should I have kept it to myself? No, Ravensbird; had I known this, I should not have been so hasty to indulge suspicions of you."

"Then who was it?" somewhat impatiently resumed Ravensbird.

"Drake! The man stopped me a few minutes ago, to tell me what he had seen. He was on his way to the castle to declare it to my lord; and he has gone on there now."

"And he says it was a stranger?"

"A man he did not know, and had never seen before. A big, hulky fellow, with a pack. Just the description one is apt to expect of those itinerant peddlers."

"Drake has been tardy in declaring this," sarcastically returned Ravensbird.

"Not at all. He could not declare it out at sea, where he has been all night. His boat is but just in—as I understand—and he knew nothing till he landed of the accident to Captain Dane."

Ravensbird did not reply. His eyes seemed to be fixed in vacancy, as if in thought. Herbert proceeded.

"When you gave utterance to the expression that you could place your finger upon the offender, I believed you were speaking in vain boastfulness, if not in deceit. I conclude now that you must have been aware of this encounter of Captain Dane's with the stranger, and alluded to the latter when you spoke. Was it so?"

"I—I was not aware—that—that Captain Dane—I did not know of any encounter, of his, with a stranger," replied Ravensbird, in a slow, hesitating tone, his eyes still bearing the appearance of a man in a dream.

Herbert Dane glanced him searchingly.

"Possibly this man was no stranger to your master."

"Feminine not," was the reply of Ravensbird, waiting from his reverie. "It is scarcely

probable that a stranger would attack him to his death."

"You speak in riddles, Ravensbird. Did you allude to this man, or not, when you spoke?"

"Sir," respectfully returned Ravensbird, "you must pardon me for declining to answer."

And nothing more could Herbert Dane get from him; and the parting, in consequence, though friendly, was not to the former satisfaction.

Drake, meanwhile, reached the castle, and disclosed his tale to Lord Dane. However loose may have been the fisherman's antecedents, in the way of smuggling and other matters, bringing him under the displeasure and surveillance of the lord, that was no reason for his present account being doubted. Indeed, that he was but declaring the truth, was evident even to the lynx-eyed lawyer Appley, who was summoned to the conference. The police also were summoned, and Drake had to repeat his tale to them. Should he know the man again? they asked him. Drake was not sure; not by his face, he thought, for he did not take much note of it; if he knew him again it would be by his shoulders and the pack. Not very conclusive distinctive marks, decided the inspector.

A search was set on foot: as active as could be supposed to be undertaken by village police; which is not saying a great deal. Inquiries were made at Damselhold and its environs, extending to the neighboring towns around and past them, as to whether a man, answering the description, had been seen. But all to no avail: nobody appeared to have observed any such traveller. A firm believer, at work about six miles off, deposed that he had noticed a man the afternoon of the incident, going towards Damselhold, a "brown man, with a sort o' box on his back."

"And big shoulders?" questioned the police officer.

"No, not he," was the answer; "he didn't seem to 'a' got no shoulders. A little undersized chap, it were, no bigger nor a woman."

So that description did not tally. Neither did any other, that the police could get out, and the affair remained involved in mystery.

There is an old saying, that misfortune never comes alone. Lord Dane wrote to his eldest son to acquaint him with the melancholy fate of his brother, and requested him to return home. For years there had been an unpleasant estrangement between the brothers, but, with death, these estrangements, or rather the remembrance of them, generally end. Harry Dane had been the favorite son; Geoffrey, the eldest, a cold, haughty, overbearing man by nature, had resented the partiality of his parents, his own disposition magnifying the predilection ten fold, and he had now been for some time abroad. The handsome fortune Harry had dropped into, a young man, had also been a sore point with the Honorable Geoffrey; and, altogether, he preferred to live a life of estrangement from his kindred. His letters home were few and far between, and at the present moment Lord Dane did not know precisely where to address to him: he had been in Paris, but had spoken of leaving it, for Italy, for Malta, and other places in rotation. So Lord Dane sent his letter to their mother's in London, who was kept cognizant of the movements of Geoffrey Dane, giving them instructions to forward it without delay.

They did so, and the days, nay, the weeks passed on, but still Mr. Dane arrived not. Lord Dane grew angry. "Geoffrey might have written, at least," he observed to his wife, "if he did not choose to come."

Alas! he came all too soon. Not himself; not himself; but what remained of him. News arrived first: a letter written by his personal attendant, who was a native of Damselhold.

Mr. Dane had been suddenly attacked in the neighborhood of Rome by one of those fevers common to hot and unhealthy climates, and in three days was dead. The letter, written by Lord Dane, and duly forwarded by the London bankers, had never reached him (it might be travelling half over the continent after him then), and he had died in ignorance of the fate of his brother. Even then, as Lord Dane perused the unhappy letter, his body was on its way to England for interment, having been embarked on board a steamer at Civita Vecchia.

Very sad, very grievous were the tidings to Dane Castle, and the flag on it floated half-mast high—the custom when a death occurred in the family. But a little span, since it had so floated for Harry Dane, and now it was floating for Geoffrey! Lord and Lady Dane were bowed down to the very earth with grief; they were their only children; and whippers went abroad that her ladyship would not be long after them: people said they could see the "change for death" in her.

On a gay morning in the beginning of May, a breeze, whose sails, mournful plumes contrasted unpleasantly with the world's sunny brightness, arrived at Dane Castle, having brought something inside it from Southampton. The steamer was taken from within it and deposited in a certain apartment of the castle, called the death room.

Why was it called by so unpropitious a name? the reader will inquire. Simply because it was a room consecrated to the dead. When any of the family died, they were placed there to await interment, lie in state, if he be said, and the public were admitted to see the sight. The apartment was never used for any other purpose, though occasionally opened to be aired: a large, cold, gray room it was, perfectly empty, with high windows and a stone floor. Tradition went, that when any one of the Danes was about to leave the world, that floor would become damp in patches; not damp all over, as it did in wet weather; but they were very stupid who believed in any such nonsensical superstition.

The trustees were brought from their hiding place and set up in the middle of the room, and the coffin was placed upon it. Lord Dane was wheeled in, in his chair; Lady Dane glided in and stood by his side, both struggling to suppress their grief until they should be allowed to indulge it. Some of the upper servants were also present, and a workman, purposely summoned to the castle, prepared to unmask the coffin.

At that moment, Wilkins, the servant who

had accompanied the body from abroad, he who had written to Lord Dane, stepped forward, placed his hand on the man's back to arrest him, and then addressed Lord Dane.

"My lord—I beg your pardon—but is it a new thing to do, think you? May there not be danger? He died of malignant fever."

A disagreeable feeling fell upon all, and some drew involuntarily a step back. Lord Dane refused.

"I do not fear infection," he presently said. "Let those, who do fear it, retire, but I will see the remains of my son. Stories have been told, before now, of—of others being substituted for those supposed to be dead."

Wilkins turned to Lord Dane, astonishment on his face and tears in his eyes.

"My lord, is it possible you can suspect—"

"No reflection on you, Wilkins," interrupted his lordship; "I did not mean to imply any. There is a difference between satisfaction from the conviction of the mind, and satisfaction from ocular demonstration. I have no moral doubt whatever that my dear son Geoffrey does lie within that coffin; nevertheless, I choose to be indisputably assured of the fact. Retire," he somewhat sharply added to the servants; "and do you," nodding to the mechanic, "proceed with your work. Had you not also better leave us?"

The last words were addressed to Lady Dane. She simply shook her head, and waited.

It was a long process, for the lead had to be uncoiled. But it was accomplished at last. The domestics had quitted the room, all save Druff.

Lord Dane looked at him in a questioning manner.

"I have no fear, my lord. Allow me to see the last of poor Mr. Geoffrey."

Geoffrey Dane it was, unmistakably; and less changed than might have been expected, under the circumstances. A long, yearning look from all of them, a few stifled sobs from the children's mother, and the coffin was removed. Then they left the room, and the public, those who chose to come, were admitted.

A sort of fright, so to term it, took place that night in the house, one that caused some unpleasant commotion. It happened that Sophie, Lady Adelaide's maid, was suffering from a violent cough, which had clung to her some weeks, and was especially troublesome at night. She was in the habit of taking a soothing drink for it, made of herbs, or, as she called it in her own language, tisane, which she took regularly up to bed with her. On this night she forgot it, and would not return for it, for she, in conjunction with the rest, felt nervous when going through the long passages, considering what was in the house. But Sophie's cough proved to be unusually severe, no sleep could she get; and at length she rose from her bed, determined to brave ghostly fancies and lonely corridors, and fetch the tisane. Wrapping herself up, she started, carrying a hand lamp.

Away she scattered down the stairs. Her road to the housekeeper's parlor, where the drink had been left, lay past the death room: how Sophie saw by its door, how her heart beat, and her skin crept, she would not like to have told. In common with the generality of French, of her grade and class, she was given to superstitious fears touching the presence of the dead, more so than are the English of the lower orders. But there's an old proverb, "More haste, less speed," and poor Sophie received an exemplification of it; for, so great was her haste, that in passing the very spot, the dreaded door, she lost one of her slippers. With a half cry of terror at the stoppage there, Sophie snatched it up in her hand, did not wait to put it on, but tore on to the parlor.

The drink was inside the fender, where it had been placed to retain its warmth. Sophie took up the jug, and put it on the table for a moment while she drew breath, (short with the running and the fright,) and put on the refractory slipper. She was stooping down to accomplish the latter, when a noise close above her head interrupted her.

It was nothing but the striking of the time-piece on the mantle shelf, two strokes; one, two; telling the half hour; the half hour after midnight. But Sophie's nerves were unyielding, and it startled her beyond self-control. She shrieked, she grasped the nearest thing to her, which happened to be a chair, she hid her face upon it, and she wondered how in the world she could muster courage to get back to her room.

Back she must get, somehow, for the longer she stayed, the worse she grew. "If ever I leave my tisane down stairs again," quoth Sophie, "may a ghost run away with me, that's all!" She took up the jug, drew her cloak round her, and began to speed back again; not very fast this time, for fear of spilling the tisane.

Poor Sophie! the real fright was coming. As she gained the corridor in which was situated the death room, her hair nearly stood on end, and her skin was as a goose's skin, quivering and cold. A perfect horror grew upon her, in that moment, of passing the dreaded door.

And well it might. She did gain it; how, she hardly knew; but instead of rushing past it, with her head turned the other way, some power seemed to impel her head towards it. If you ever experienced the same uncontrollable midnight terror, reader, you will understand it. Sophie's eyes irresistibly, and in spite of her will, turned right upon the door, fascinated as by the evil power of the basilisk: had her very life depended on it, she could not have kept them away. And in the same instant, a hollow wailing sound, like a groan, broke from within the stillness of the room.

Nearly paralyzed, nearly bereft of her senses, Sophie fell against the door, and the movement caused it to open, as though it had been imperfectly latched; yet Sophie knew that the door had been securely locked the previous evening at dusk. But for the door post she might have fallen with her head inside it; that saved her. There came another groan, and what looked like a flood of white light from the room; and the miserable Sophie, breaking into the most unearthly shrieks and yells, flew along the corridor, dropping the jug and the tisane with a crash and a splash! That those hermetic solderings and fastenings had come undone, and what they confined down had risen, and was after her, was the least of her imaginings.

Out came the terrified servants; peal upon peal rang the bell of Lord Dane; Lady Adelaide opened her door and stood at it, her face as white as her maid's.

When they gathered in the account of the shaking Sophie, some of the braver of the domestics proceeded to the death-room, and there the corpse was made clear.

Kneading on the stone floor beside the coffin, lost to all outward things, save her grief, a white dressing gown only thrown over her night clothes, was Lady Dane. The groans of pain, of sorrow, had come from her; and the "white light," as Sophie had described it, from her lamp. Not for a long while, a whole hour, could they prevail upon the unhappy lady to return to her own chamber: in vain they urged upon her that she would surely catch her death of cold. "What matters it?" she murmured.

"Harry first, Geoffrey next; both gone, both out of their prime: what signifies death, or anything else, that may come to me?"

Geoffrey was buried in the family vault, amidst much pomp and ceremony, as befitting, according to the world's usage, the late heir of the Danes. Lord Dane was too ill to be taken to the funeral, and the chief mourner was Herbert, now the presumptive successor to the title, and to the wide and rich domains.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1860.

TERMS, &c.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

REMOVAL.—Before the issue of another paper, we design removing the office of THE POST to No. 319 Walnut Street, between Third and Fourth Streets, on the upper side of the way.

MRS. GURNEY'S LETTER.

We take it for granted that no habitual reader of THE POST will suppose that we would have published Mrs. Gurney's letter, if we considered it merited in the least the gross epithets that certain journals have applied to it. We first saw the letter in question in the New York Tribune, our attention being called to it by an editorial relative thereto. Reading the editorial, we were surprised that the Tribune would publish what it considered so sensual and corrupt a production. But when we turned from the editorial to the letter itself, while we were able to see great error, we were not able to see any of that grossness which the editorial had prepared us to see. If our opinion had been the same as the Tribune's, we should have held ourselves inexorable in printing such a production in our columns.

We may be allowed here to express our opinion that a more unjust and grossly uncharitable criticism was never penned than that editorial of the Tribune's. It is, in our opinion, incomparably grosser and more sensual and mischievous than the letter it condemns. And when we remember that it is an attack upon a woman, who, although greatly erring, is still at least entitled to the pity of every true-hearted man, we regard it as entirely indefensible. In fact, so grossly unjust is it, giving as it does the most sensual construction to language which does not fairly admit of any such interpretation, and suggesting ideas not to be found at all in Mrs. Gurney's letter, and which should not be found in any decent paper—that we do not hesitate in saying that the writer of that editorial, whoever he is, needs "a change of heart" about as much as Mrs. Gurney herself.

In conclusion we may say, that we have always refused to open our columns to detailed accounts of prize fights, and of Bickles' case, &c., because we deemed them corrupting. But, having read Mrs. Gurney's letter with our own eyes, and not through the Tribune's distorting spectacles, we have published it because, as we have said, we deemed it more calculated to do good, by leading to charitable thoughts of the erring, and we may add, by showing the danger of marriage based upon mere worldly advantages and family considerations, than harm by its false teachings. As we for one should have regretted not to have read that letter, we thought its perusal would be also welcome to many of our readers. And we must confess that we are infinitely amused at the editorialist's machinations which the details of brutal prize fights and loathsome criminal trials seem so well to agree with, and which yet affect to grow quailish over the guarded language and the sophisticated but not gross or unredacted reasoning of Mrs. Gurney.

PORTRAIT IMAGES.—The New York Evening Post, speaking of the departure of the Great Eastern, says:—

Whether the great ship will ever revisit our shores, and when it is to be seen, remains doubtful; but the picture which she has left in the mind of the future or in the bosom of the Board of Directors.

DISASTERS OF THE GREAT EASTERN.—The Great Eastern went off from New York "in a bark," on the 16th, homeward-bound—having been sent on the eve of her departure, by a colored regiment—her crew, for a bill of a few hundred dollars, and landed upon by the Sheriff until other security was given. As she went down the bay, the Sheriff went after her with another attachment, but she managed to get outside before he could overtake her. She seems to be such an unfortunate ship, and to have such a wonderful facility in getting into trouble, that if there be in the next world any ocean of hot water for her to sail in, she will doubtless ultimately find her way there by sheer force of attraction.

One of her latest troubles, as we hear from England, is a suit for \$65,000 brought by the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada, for a breach of contract in not going to Portland. This will please the Portland people, probably, who consider themselves very much wronged.

On the whole, the visit of the Great Eastern has not tended to promote that good feeling between England and the United States which we should like to see. There certainly must be plenty of gentlemen in England, and in the naval service—then why not send gentlemen, and men of good business qualifications, in charge of the vessel. Our readers already know about the shameful mismanagement of the trip to Cape May; and at Annapolis, the ungentlemanly behavior of the officers of the Great Eastern was a matter of general complaint. Two of the officers, in fact, had to be knocked down, to teach them proper respect for their lady visitors. The contrast between the officers of our own service, who are always courteous and attentive to their lady guests, and the British officers in question, was very marked indeed—and the ladies, a very influential portion of the world, in America particularly—are almost disposed to vote John Bull a vulgar boor.

But we beg of them to suspend their judgment for the present. It is all the bad luck of the Great Eastern. Although it is not summer weather, she will be almost certain to sink her ball drains out against an iceberg going home. We have scarcely a doubt of it. Nothing but a change of luck will save her—and it would be hardly reasonable to expect that.

LUCIFER MATCHES.—Messrs. Baldwin & Co., of Cincinnati, Ohio, send us a package of matches of their manufacture, which they say are entirely free from all sulphur, phosphorus, or other poisonous substances, and which cannot be lighted by friction except upon the prepared cards which accompany them. The cards are equally harmless without the matches—though when the latter are rubbed upon the former, a flame is easily produced.

We have tried to ignite the matches sent

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A SCENE FROM FRENCH LIFE.
(CONCLUDED.)

PARIS, July 27, 1860.

Mr. Editor of the Post.—

The family of the large hearted squire of the guinea-fowls, whose arrival had created so great a sensation in the circle of Madame de Fortville, consisted of two sons and one daughter, the eldest boy being an idiot, whom his parents have been obliged, as the sole chance of awakening his intelligence, to send to a special institution, where he has been most kindly and patiently brought up, though, as yet, the latent faculties of his mind, supposing them really to exist, have been but slightly developed by the excellent course of training to which the unfortunate youth has been subjected.

The second boy is stupid, heavy, and selfish, having been at once petted and neglected by his mother, who seems to think that anything like earnest application to study is quite unnecessary for a descendant of the line of Villmore.

Strange to say, the daughter is both clever and handsome; endowed by nature with a charming exterior, an ardent desire of knowledge, and a quiet perseverance in the pursuit of an end, which seem doubly admirable in one sprung from a stock so very unpromising as that of the Villmores. The Baroness has never manifested any great affection for her daughter, whom she had destined to a nursery, in order to swell the fortune of her favorite son at his sister's expense, by giving him the share of the paternal inheritance which would be hers, according to the provisions of the French law. But the young lady's best being decidedly against the living death of the cloister, and her determination to gratify her thirst for learning being backed with unusual energy by her father, whose idea she is, Mademoiselle Pauline was at length placed in a very good boarding-school at Lyons, in the neighborhood of which city lies the estate of Villmore, where she soon exhausted the means of study at her disposal, and whence, not without a good deal of opposition on the part of her mother, she persuaded her father to remove her to Paris, where she was placed in a renowned seminary of that city, and where she formed a romantic attachment to two young ladies, daughters of Marquis de Tarrell, whose chateau was in the neighborhood of Villmore; but who, with her wife, had resided in the metropolis for many years, with a view to securing the best possible educational advantages for their children.

With the consent of her parents, Pauline frequently accompanied these young ladies, when they went home for an occasional holiday, and thus became acquainted with their brother, a fine young fellow just completing his studies, who was not in falling in love with his sister's charming friend. Mademoiselle Pauline, on her side, was not insensible to the many excellent qualities of the young Count; and when the time came for her return to Villmore, the young people, after a somewhat tragic leave-taking—it was the first time they had ever found themselves together without the presence of others—parted with the understanding that the young Count should immediately inform the young lady's parents of his passion, and demand her hand.

When Pauline reached the chateau de Villmore, she found that her mother had determined, as an effect against the disappointment of her project of making her a nun, to get her married with the shortest possible delay. A rich lawyer of Lyons, old enough to be her father, was anxious to ingratiate himself among the aristocracy of the region, and had offered to take the Baron's daughter without any "dot." Madame de Villmore eagerly closed with this offer, and had caused the *trousseau* to be prepared in readiness, and Pauline would probably have been led to the altar the day after her return home, had not her father—who never found courage to oppose his better half, except in the interest of his daughter—absolutely insisted on the marriage being deferred until she should have had the time to judge for herself with regard to the proposed alliance.

The Baroness, on her daughter's return to the paternal roof, had written to Marquis de Tarrell, expressing, in the measured style in which her correspondence was invariably conducted, her thanks, and those of the Baron, for the kindness and hospitality which had been extended to her daughter by himself and "the amiable Marquis," and informed them of Pauline's approaching marriage, exulting on the fortune of the bridegroom elect, but omitting (of course) all allusion to the little private arrangement concerning the young lady's "dot," and wound up her epistle by entreating the Marquis to do her the pleasure of accepting the hamper of game which she should cause to be forwarded to him as soon as the shooting season opened.

Of course, this hamper was never sent; and, equally of course, the young Count was plunged into a state bordering on distraction by the dreadful announcement of Pauline's marriage. For several days he gave himself up to bitter mental accusations against the inconstant object of his affections; but having suddenly reflected that she was probably the victim of the maternal will, he determined to hazard a prayer to the managing Baroness, beseeching her if Pauline's sentiments toward him remained, to have pity on two hearts which were formed for each other, and whose happiness or misery was in her hands.

The Baroness received this timid but impassioned appeal with excessive satisfaction. Pauline, it is scarcely needful to state, had at once declared, in the most positive manner, against the rich Lyons lawyer; and her mother, though prodigiously vexed at this "obstinacy," and the danger of the elements of the *trousseau* becoming old-fashioned while Pauline was making up her mind on the choice of some one else in his place, was perforce obliged to suspend, for the time being, the execution of her matrimonial designs upon her daughter; while the latter, fully confiding in the promises and protestations of her fatherless sister, consoled herself under her mother's displeasure by the hope that he would soon place himself openly on the list of her suitors, keeping this hope, however, completely to herself.

The Baroness received the timid but impassioned appeal of the young Count with excessive satisfaction. She knew, to a certainty, the value of the Marquis's rent roll; and though she was quite aware that, in case of such an alliance, she could not hope to defraud her daughter of the inheritance to which she was legally entitled, she at once decided—shrewd woman of business as she was—that the indirect advantage of such an alliance would more than compensate her favorite son for the loss of the double portion which she had been so long scheming to secure for him. Pauline's pertinacious refusal to admit the claims of any of her suitors was now fully explained to the maternal intelligence; and, for the first time in her life, she found herself regarding this unmanageable daughter with a feeling akin to affection, for although the birth and fortune of her daughter were such as to warrant her belief that the Marquis would not object to the choice of his son, the alliance would nevertheless be a very brilliant one for Pauline.

But delighted as she was with the vision of a Marquis's coronet thus suddenly revealed above her daughter's head, the Baroness gave no outward sign of her rejoicing. Like many other wives who rule their husbands with tyrannous determination, she was, in theory, a firm supporter for masculine supremacy, and never failed to preach up the inalienable rights of husbands and fathers, while retaining her "lord and master" in a state of passive subjection, from which nothing but his affection for his daughter could rouse him even for an instant. Besides her cherished theory on the claims of masculine supremacy, she also possessed an intense distrust and disapprobation of anything in the shape of a love-match; and held that when matrimony was on the tapis, the very last persons who should have any voice in the contemplated arrangement were the future pair themselves. The affection expressed by the young Count for her daughter, and the probability that the latter already responded to this affection, were very shocking to her notions of prudence and propriety, and would have sufficed to set her completely against any matrimonial project presenting less palpable advantages. Being compelled to dissent, as well as she could, the fact that the young people had presumed to love one another before their parents had tied them together for the rest of their existence, the Baroness was determined, at all events, to vindicate the honor of her favorite theories in her reply to the irregular demand of the young Count; and having looked herself into her own room, she addressed him the following letter:

"I have just received, Monsieur le Comte, the letter which you have done me the honor to address to me, and in which you testify to my desire that I should favor your aspirations to the hand of Mademoiselle, my daughter.

"My sense of duty compels me, Monsieur le Comte, to express to you, in the strongest manner, my conviction of the utter inadmissibility of the demand which you have done me the honor to address to me. You will allow me to remind you that marriage being in no way an affair of sentiment, but being, on the contrary, the most serious business-act of life, the urging of a matrimonial alliance on the ground of a pre-conceived affection between the parties, is a mode of proceeding as dangerous as erroneous.

"You will also permit me to say that, marriage being simply and solely an affair of interest and suitability, it is a matter which between families of every station in life, should be left entirely to the enlightened prudence of their respective heads. I am happy to believe that Mademoiselle, my daughter, has been too carefully instructed in her duty as a daughter and as a woman, to hesitate to confide to her father the care of insuring her future happiness.

"Such being my views upon the serious subject of matrimony, you will not be surprised, Monsieur le Comte, if I add that I consider the letter you have addressed to me, as being still more reprehensible than that which you have addressed to my daughter, and that these communications will be regarded by me as though they had not been received.

"Accept, Monsieur le Comte, the assurance of my most distinguished sentiments.

"BARONESS DE VILMORE.

"At the Chateau de Villmore, this 27th July, 1855."

In penning this enlightened and dignified reply to the young Count's epistle, Madame de Villmore merely intended to show him her displeasure at his informal way of proceeding; and supposed that he would at once, on receiving this rebuke, perceive the necessity of addressing his demand to his father, in order that it might be by him transmitted in due form, to the father of the young lady. Unfortunately, the young Count, who was perhaps too much in love to be very clearheaded on the occasion, regarded this stately communication as a rejection of his candidature, and a quashing of his hopes. The allusion to the resignation with which Mademoiselle Julie was prepared to accept her father's disposal of her hand, was understood by him as equivalent to an assertion that she was about to marry the rich lawyer of Lyons, and regarding his case as desperate, he abandoned himself to all the "bitterness" with which the downfall of a "first love" is proverbially apt to be accompanied. He became gloomy, sad, and irritable; lost his gaiety and his appetite, and had occasional thoughts of suicide. His sisters endeavored, in vain, to draw him from the secret of his unhappiness; and his parents, who watched him with silent anxiety, forbore to question him, hoping that the habits of affectionate confidence in which they had brought up their children, would lead him to explain to them, spontaneously, the nature of his trouble. The young Count, however, interpreting Madame de Villmore's letter as intended to show him that his aspirations were inadmissible, and persuaded that Julie had weakly allowed herself to be made over to the lawyer, determined to keep his sorrow to himself, and not to grieve his parents by confiding to them a disappointment which they could neither prevent nor console.

The young lady, meantime, was making herself fully as unhappy at what she considered the forgetfulness of her father's lover, as he was doing over her supposed acceptance of another suitor. Between herself and her mother, as we have seen, no confidence had ever existed; and a very natural reticence to recall an affection which she now began to imagine was not really reciprocated by its object, prevented her from betraying her uncontented even to her father. Some months passed in this manner; the two young people believing themselves mutually ill, and the one being his good looks, and the other her room.

As winter set in, the Marquis and his wife, seeing that their son's secret trouble seemed to be growing deeper than ever, both thought of sending him to spend a few months in Italy. Before preparing this plan to his mother, however, they determined to sound him with regard to a matrimonial project which had been for some time turning over in their minds, and which, if they could succeed in inducing him to regard in a favorable light, they considered might offer a still more efficacious means of diverting him from his melancholy, than the Italian tour. The father accordingly took advantage of a quiet walk he had proposed to the son, in the Bois de Boulogne, and proceeded, with much caution, to ascertain the young man's sentiments upon the matter, remarking that it was perhaps time for him to be thinking of the choice of a wife, and suggesting that the career and pleasures of society life were the best cure for the weakness of existence which so often seized on the mind of those who live only for themselves.

"Your mother fully agrees with me in all I have now said," added the Marquis, "and I will not conceal from you that we have both formed a very decided wish upon the subject. My old friend, the Prince de Fort, is now in Paris, with a charming and accomplished daughter, whom you have already seen; if you could love this young lady, and obtain her affection, there would be, I think, no obstacle in the way of your union. Mademoiselle de Fort is not very rich; but that is a consideration which, if I have rightly judged my son, will not weigh seriously with him. Your mother likes her, your sister likes her, but—though we all like her, the main question is, of course, do you think you can like her?"

"My dear father," answered the son, touched by his father's kindness, but shocked and alarmed at a project so contrary to his secret wishes, "I am deeply sensible of your goodness, and of that of my dear mother; but I can never love Mademoiselle de Fort. She is, I doubt not, a very charming girl, and one whom I might be proud to marry, but she will never be my wife! I fear," he added bitterly, "that I am not fated to find a wife!"

The Marquis remained for a few moments silent, pondering these words. Presently he stood still, and turning toward his son, laid his hand affectionately on his shoulder. "Listen to me, Philippe," said he, kindly, but firmly, "what you have just said is not natural at your age, and in your position. I have always respected your individuality; and I will not seek to induce you to explain these words (which probably refer to the cause of the sadness which we have so long noticed in you, without being able to understand its cause) unless you wish to do so. You know too well our affection for you to doubt either the pain which your state of apathy and *ennui* has caused both to your mother and to me, or the satisfaction with which we should endeavor to assist your wishes were it in our power to do so. Philippe, my son, can we really do nothing for you? and must the subject of your regret remain a secret from those who love you best?"

The young man's heart opened to these affectionate words; and after a brief struggle with his reluctance to confess the unhappy course of his first and only passion, he confided to his father the particulars known to his readers. "My dear boy, I heartily thank you for your confidence," replied his father, when the young man had finished his story, "and I cannot help believing that there must be some absurd misunderstanding in the matter, susceptible of very easy removal. Mademoiselle de Villmore is a good and charming young woman, whom we should all receive with joy as your wife. I wonder, now, at our blindness in not seeing into a matter so altogether natural as the preference with which she has inspired you, and though I cannot explain the strange reply of the Baroness to your letter, I think I can already give you some intelligence that may show you that your passion is probably less hopeless than you imagine. I have received, this very morning, a letter from the Baron, in which he informs me that the proposed match between his daughter and the Lyons lawyer is broken off; that his daughter is not well, and that he is anxious to bring her to Paris to consult the doctors about her, but that she resolutely refuses to allow him to do so."

Philippe's face, which had brightened amazingly at the news about the lawyer, here fell to nearly its former length.

"She refuses to come to Paris!" he exclaimed, in the tone of a man who has just heard his death warrant.

"And what does that prove, foolish boy, except that there is some stupid misunderstanding between you, of which we were already tolerably certain. I suspect Madame de Villmore to be at the bottom of the mischief, whatever it may be. Happily Mademoiselle Pauline in no respect resembles her mother; and I am delighted to think that, when you are married, your wife will belong to us, by sympathy and affection, far more intimately than to her own family."

Philippe, on hearing his father speak thus, could hardly credit his senses. The passage from despondency to hope was so sudden and so complete that he seemed to have awakened from a painful dream.

"The Baron writes me," resumed his father, "that he will be here on business in the course of a few days; and I think you may fairly hope, my dear boy, that my interview with the father will probably be more successful than your appeal to the mother."

Monsieur de Villmore having made his appearance in Paris a few days after the conversation just recorded had taken place between the father and son, the former lost no time in seeing him, and demanding the hand of Mademoiselle de Villmore for his son. Knowing the character of the people with whom he had to deal,

the Marquis addressed himself immediately to the practical side of the question, stated what would be the provision he should make for his son during his own life-time, and laid before the eyes of the Baron a bird's view of the state of his pecuniary affairs, which would have more than satisfied that percentage of the excellence of the proposed match, even if a sudden light had not been let in upon his somewhat obscure propensities by the proposition of the Marquis, as to the possible cause of his daughter's persistent refusal of the suitors for her hand, and the state of ill-health and low spirits into which she had fallen since her return to Villmore.

"Your dear Marquis, does me infinite honor," replied the Baron, when M. de Tarrell had ceased speaking, "and I can have no objection in agreeing you that such an alliance would more than satisfy my own wishes, and those of my wife, for the settlement of our daughter. Hence we have had the regret of seeing all this of marriage rejected by Pauline; who has constantly asserted that she felt an insurmountable repugnance to the thought of matrimony; and as I have promised her that she shall be left perfectly free to decide for herself on a matter so important to her happiness, I cannot mind confining to you that I had begun to think that she might really persist in her determination to remain single, and I shall be surprised if the demand of the Count, your son, prove more acceptable to her than the union which we have already seen rejected by her."

"My dear Baron," replied the Marquis, with a smile, "I think we may safely leave the matter to Mademoiselle Pauline's decision. You tell me that you may count on your consent, and on that of the Baroness; and I have reason to believe that your daughter's insubordination to the claims of the suitors you speak of, has proceeded from a preference for the young dog, (to let you into a little secret which we have all very stupidly not to discover long ago!) he has been breaking his heart for her for these six months past, and who would have placed himself at once upon the list but for the belief that his demand would have been unfavorably received by her parents."

The Marquis then informed the astonished Baron of the letter written by Philippe to the Baroness, and of the reply which it had brought from that lady; whereupon the Baron, growing rather nervous at the idea of some possible opposition on the part of his wife, to the engagement he had so boldly taken with the Marquis, determined to return home immediately, in order to ascertain at once the views of his "better half" on a proposition whose advantages for their daughter were so evident.

The Baroness, on learning the cause of her husband's sudden return, was exceedingly delighted. She had calculated so little on the damping effect of her epistle, in which she had simply intended to suggest to the young man the necessity of applying to the Baron instead of to her daughter, or to herself, that she, too, had been growing uneasy at seeing that no further steps had been taken by him to obtain her daughter's hand. The mistake was speedily explained, and the young lady, when applied to upon the subject of the Marquis's demand, returned an answer whose tones may be easily divined by my readers, and regained her lost room, while the young Count recovered his good looks, with the certainty incidental to young lovers under similar conditions all the world over.

The important affairs of settlement, the remodeling of the *trousseau*, the *corbelle*, and the future housekeeping arrangements of the young pair, being brought to a prompt and satisfactory conclusion, the marriage took place at Villmore with much splendor, and after a dinner and ball, to which the *invitable* people of the region had been bidden by the triumphant mistress of the chateau de Villmore—who loaned the family *para-strings* to an astonishing extent on this auspicious occasion—the young couple departing together on a tour through Italy, which no doubt proved more agreeable to the Count as a bridegroom than it would have been as a despondent bachelor.

The union thus fortunately brought about, has hitherto proved a very happy one, as the Baroness herself would admit if you asked her about it; though she would certainly not fail to wind up this admission by adding that "the marriage has turned out well in spite of its having been a love match." QUANTUM.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.—The Post, although for many years established beyond question, as the best Family Newspaper in the United States, is rapidly rising in favor. While for a time each paper as the New York Ledger, Mercury, and other "flash" weeklies attracted the greater portion of the attention of the reading public, they are so rapidly going back; and the Post is again recognized as the only really pure, reliable Family Paper now published in our country. The tales are of the most interesting and entertaining character, while it contains a good variety of Foreign news and correspondence, domestic news, etc. We would advise any and all of our readers desiring a good Family Paper to subscribe for the Post.—St. Cloud Democrat.

A SLIGHT DRAWBACK.

Enchanting girl! thy form so fair
In playful dreams around me dances,
Thy smile so bright, so free from care,
Thy dimpled cheek, thy jet-black hair.

My heart entrances
But oh! those eyes, those lovely eyes,
With joy and innocence still gleaming
The winged light scarce swifter flies
Than do the glances from those eyes.

With pleasure beaming
I'd woo thee, maiden, were it not
That wooing thee might prove bewildering
I'd woo thee, maiden, were it not
For this one thing—a wife I've got.

And no small children!

The Illustrated London News, has fallen into a ridiculous error as to the character of Mr. Charles Reade's forthcoming work, entitled *The Eighth Commandment*. Our country friends must not order it under the belief that it is a new work of fiction. It is, we believe, a comprehensive treatise upon the subject of Paganism, and the right in literary and artistic productions.

The Sensitive Plant; or, Prairie Rose.

Scottsville, Sullivan Co., Missouri.

Mr. Editor of the Post.—Having come of late some communications in your paper in regard to the Sensitive Plant, I take the liberty of sending you some of the seed of the same for the purpose of propagating the plant, and enjoying the beauty and perfume of what I consider one of the most delicate, beautiful and fragrant of the plants of the forest kingdom. It is sensitive, as its name denotes, recoiling instantly on the touch, and closing together. And is not this one of the inexpressible mysteries of nature. One of the mysteries, so far as I can learn, that has baffled the investigation of science to explain. It is true some modern botanists have attempted to give a reason for this curious instinct (so to speak), attributing their irritability to the warmth of the hand. But such reasoning is nothing more than sophistry, for if you touch the plant with a stick several feet long, it will contract as quickly as if touched with the hand. If recent observations have discovered the cause of this vegetable phenomenon, please give your readers the benefit of the explanation. I think, with your "Western Correspondent," that the plant is unknown to the investigators of botanical science; at least I have never been able to find a description of it in the latest botanical publications. The plant is perennial, and belongs to the 10th class of the Linnean system. This plant is indigenous to this region, and grows luxuriantly in this vicinity, frequently to the height of rather length, of four feet.—(The plant is of a creeping habit). You need not have any fears of its becoming a pest, for it is very difficult to propagate from seed, and scarcely survives transplanting.

Truly yours,
ROBT. L. SCHROCK.

[Note to Editor.—We are obliged to the writer of the above for the seeds sent with his letter—and also to Mr. Hinchcock, of Mason City, who likewise sends us a package of seeds. We shall have some seeds to spare for any of our city readers who may want them for their gardens.]

A PLEASANT ENDING.

[We find the following poem going the rounds of the press—it has a pleasant ending, as pleasant as that of the story of "Little Red Riding Hood":]

THE TRYOT.

Twilight flows like a dusky sea;
The hamlet gray in the distance drowns;
The white sheep lie on the lawn like
And all the shepherd looks over the downs.

"Easy Effie, the tryot is passed!
Easy Effie the curfew toll!
Ah! easy Effie, I see you at last
Creeping round by the shadowy knoll!"

"Oh! how softly you steal on me!
Oh! how lightly you little foot tread!
The night is dark, but I almost see
Your laughing eyes and your sleeping head."

"I hear you cumber the short, crisp grass,
But I will not stir, though I feel you near,
Till over my eyes your hands you pass,
And utter some terrible word of fear."

"Then I'll suddenly leap to your feet,
And kiss you over your lips and eyes,
Kiss you till you are breathless, sweet,
With mingling of laughter and surprise."

Stealthily creeps the shadow along
Lena and brown and all alone—
All set humming a careless song,
Motionless as a boulder stone.

What dainty hand on his throat is laid!
Tis a hairy, rough, and venomous paw
And ere he can utter one shriek for aid
His hot blood reddens the old wolf's maw.

The moon looks over the rim of the sea
And Effie sat at last in the trying place,
Oh, heart of love! what a sight to see!
The old wolf licking her lover's face!

A DUBIOUS COMPLIMENT.—An action

was brought in the Bristol County Court a few weeks ago, to recover the value of two racks of herrings, supplied in 1854, and on the judge asking the reason of the unusual delay, the plaintiff said he had lost sight of the defendant for some time, and when he did find him he could get no settlement. He repeatedly asked defendant for payment, and the latter at length told him to "go to the devil," upon which, he said, "I thought it was high time to come to your honor," a remark which was received with roars of laughter, in which the learned judge joined.

Tipsey females manufacture a kind of poison called *drugs*, which has a specific and fatal action upon the brains of porcupine quads, but does not injure their flesh. Probably an incantation of this kind gave origin to the following ditty, often heard in the tents of the Indians:

There runs a wine down yonder hill,
As fast as e'er he can,
And as he runs, he crieth still,
Come, deal me, gipsy man!

A very curious story is told in relation to some recent litigation between the Bishop of Meulan and the heirs of the Marquis de Villette. The deceased was the son of the member of the Convention of the same name, who was fond of giving himself out to be the son of Voltaire. The wife of the Marquis de Villette was adopted by Voltaire's niece, Madame Denis, and Voltaire himself bequeathed to him his heart. The heart of Voltaire, enclosed in a silver urn, has been preserved in the family as an heirloom, and if the will now disputed be upheld, it will become the property of one of the most pious bishops in France.

APPLYING THE SERMON.—WITH A QUALIFICATION.—An Imbecille, belonging to Peshawar, had been sitting at church for some time, listening attentively to a strong representation from the pulpit of the guilt of doubt and falsehood in Christian characters. He was observed to turn red, and grow very uneasy, until at last, as if winding under the supposed attack upon himself personally, he roared out, "Indeed, minister, there's mair lair in Peshawar than me."—Dean Ramsey's Reminiscences.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Mar's Lane Express says the weather of the past week, though below the usual temperature, with some rain, has further improved the condition of the crops, and has been more calculated to produce a good harvest than a hot sun.

The convention agreed upon at London stipulates that 4,000 Neapolitan soldiers guard the citadel, and not bombard the city when the citadel is attacked by Garibaldi. The only force accepted by Garibaldi. On entering Messina, was received with enthusiasm.

Adrian from Turin states that 5,000 additional volunteers had left for Sicily, and that the Neapolitan regiments had met with success at "Viva Garibaldi!"

Fifteen hundred of the Garibaldian volunteers had already landed in Calabria, and Garibaldi himself would soon advance on Naples, whether it is reported to be had been announced by his friends.

Turin, August 7.—One thousand volunteers left to day for Sicily. Five thousand preceded them on the 4th, and started for their destination in steamers.

Garibaldi's arrival at Naples is awaited with much impatience by his adherents in that city and at Rome.

The Council of Commerce had already held four sittings at Paris, devoted to an inquiry into the cotton trade. M. Roule, Minister of Commerce, presided, and great numbers of English, French and Belgian manufacturers attended.

The English ministry had carried the rapid duty resolution through the House of Commons. The majority in favor of the resolution was 25.

Mr. Wright deprecated interference in the affairs of Syria.

Lord Palmerston replied and asserted that Turkey had made great progress of late, and if left free from interference, except good advice, he believed her dissolution was not so near as predicted.

On the evening of the 1st inst., a public meeting was held in Lyttelton's Chapel, London, in celebration of the anniversary of some emancipation in the West Indies. A resolution was carried welcoming Dr. Cheever, of New York, to England, and expressing the highest admiration for and sympathy with his anti-slavery labors in the United States. Dr. Cheever returned thanks, and in a long speech dwelt upon the support which is given slavery by the churches in America.

The report that the Syrian Conference had been broken up, was unfounded. It is officially announced that a protocol has been agreed upon for twelve thousand European troops to be sent to Syria, and remain there not over six months. One half of the number is to be furnished by France.

Another protocol calls on the Porte to carry out its engagements respecting the Christians.

The Syrian force is to be under the orders of Commissioners of the three Powers.

The British Parliament has agreed to vote two millions sterling for the fortification.

NAPLES, Aug. 3.—All the efforts to conclude the armistice with Garibaldi having failed, preparations are making to repulse the invasion.

PARIS, Aug. 4.—Large numbers of volunteers are arriving, and have been enthusiastically received. Garibaldi is heavily expected.

The King of Naples has sent 4,000 soldiers to Reggio, opposite Messina, who it is confidently expected, intend to join Garibaldi immediately on his landing.

LATER.

The Glasgow brings date to the 5th inst. The despatches received, state that Naples was quiet at the latest advice by telegraph.

Nothing later has been received with regard to the movements of Garibaldi.

The British House of Commons has passed the bill emancipating the *Surat* and *Native* slaves in India.

LEVERPOOL, Aug. 1.—Cotton is firm. Breadstuffs closed with an advancing tendency, but the market was quiet. Provisions very dull.

ADVERTISING OF A MARRIAGE.—The Clinton (G. W.) Courier states that about thirteen years ago, Mr. Joseph Whitehead, of that village, a railway conductor, then living in Scotland, had the misfortune to run a needle into his head, which broke, leaving the point half as firmly fixed therein as to baffle the efforts of a physician to withdraw it. He continued lame for some time, but eventually all pain left him, and he felt no inconvenience from the intruder until Wednesday, the 1st inst., when he experienced a sharp pain in his side, under the arm-pit, which so annoyed him that he had the spot examined by Mr. W., who, after a little effort, succeeded in dislodging with his unaided fingers the identical piece of needle which had so baffled the doctor, armed and aimed, as he was, with his probe and lance thirteen years before.

HARDSHIPS OF BACHELORS.

A bachelor friend of ours is about getting married, for no other reason than to have some one to take care of him when he is sick. The treatment he received at a fashionable boarding-house, when he last had the ague, has cured him not only of single life, but single bedsteads and single mattresses. He ordered, he says, the servants to bring him up some gruel on Monday morning, but which he never got till the next Wednesday afternoon. During his whole confinement not a single soul visited him save the young gentlemen who dusted the knives; and he came not for the purpose of consolation, but to inform him that "Misses would be much obliged if Mr. Skewton would do his shaking on a chair, so as not to get the bodice apart." This was the feather that broke Skewton's bachelorhood. From that moment he resolved to connect his fortunes with a piece of dimity. Who can blame him? No one who has ever passed through a confirmed bronchitis at a fashionable boarding-house.

WE OUGHT TO BE CAREFUL.—In Forbes Winslow's new book, among some very singular accounts of the beneficial results of accidents to persons of feeble intellect, is a statement that a supposed idiot, having received a violent blow on the head, became a practicing barrister. Mr. Panch, ever since reading this anecdote, has been puzzling over the law list to try to find out who the party is. He has his suspicions on the subject, but it is premature to disclose them. Meantime he has resolved to be very careful for the future how he indulges his own favorite practice of giving idiots a rap on the head, lest he should be unwarily creating more barristers than at present assist creation.—Punch.

THE MICROSCOPE WORLD.—Linnaeus states that the aphide, the small green insect found on the leaves and stems of plants, propagates so rapidly, that in the course of a few months, if all interference were excluded, no fewer than 1,000,000,000,000,000 would be evolved from a single individual—an amount which only becomes conceivable when we learn that this mass of life would weigh somewhere about as much as five hundred millions of stout men.

TWO.

High on the little Lord Henry to dwell;
Bathed in the moon's light,
Watching the stars in the leather belt
Beneath the stars to and fro.

Young Lord Henry has left his state,
Dressed in a doublet of golden gray,
Stepped out of the golden gate,
A dilly dapper to wander away.

Bathed in the heart of a child;
Gentle, and tender, and pure is she;
Oft in the shepherd's arms and mild,
Tending his flock by valley or lee.

Never a strain has whispered before
What she bears at the close of day,
"Beneath the stars I love thee more—
More than the sweet words can say."

"Though I am but a shepherd lad,
Dressed from the state I came;
In gifts and jewels I have thee clad,
And Lady Henry shall be thy name."

Bathed in a rosy red,
Turned as white as the hawthorn's blow,
Faded her little over her head,
And sped away the startled doe.

"Beneath the stars I love thee more—
More than the sweet words can say,"
"Never!" cried Lord Henry, "I love thee more—
More than the sweet words can say."

"Never!" the lady softly replied.
Lord Henry turned a year and a day,
But Lady Henry was fair to see,
The bright sun blessed their bridal day
And the castle bells ring merrily.

Over the moors like a rolling pool,
Bathed in the moon's light,
Low she murmured—"I love thee more—
More than the sweet words can say."

"Beneath the stars I love thee more—
More than the sweet words can say,"
"Never!" cried Lord Henry, "I love thee more—
More than the sweet words can say."

"Never!" the lady softly replied.
Lord Henry turned a year and a day,
But Lady Henry was fair to see,
The bright sun blessed their bridal day
And the castle bells ring merrily.

THE MEANEST ACTION OF ALL HISTORY.

Few readers of Russian history will fail to remember the name of Count Alexey Orloff, one of the most prominent actors in the murder of Peter III. of Russia. But treacherous as was that deed, it loses half its blackness when compared with another committed by him at the instigation of Catharine II., widow and successor to the murdered monarch.

Catharine, not being a native Russian princess, was most desirous of removing from her path all who might be supposed likely to disturb the security of her government; and in order to effect her purpose, in one instance, she and her associates Orloff executed a degree of Scottish ingenuity almost unparalleled in history. The unfortunate girl who excited the jealousy of Catharine was a Russian princess, and granddaughter to Peter the Great. Elizabeth II., his daughter, contracted a private marriage with Count Alexey Razumovsky, and three children, two sons and a daughter, were the issue of this union. Of the sons, it is only necessary to say that one was accidentally killed, and the other not judged of sufficient political importance to excite either jealousy or suspicion. But it was otherwise with the young Princess Taranakoff, the subject of our story.

The ambitious designs of the Empress Catharine with regard to Poland excited the indignation of the Polish nobles, and one of these, the Count Radzivil, conceived the design of using this young native princess as an instrument in supplanting her. For this purpose, by dint of bribing her female attendants, he secretly removed her to Poland, and thence to Italy. Many attempts were made to induce Radzivil to place the young princess in the power of Catharine; but though reduced to poverty by the confiscation of his estates, the promise of their restoration, and the offer of the most costly bribes, failed in inducing him to yield. No effect being produced by such proposals, the empress had recourse to threats. Mysterious communications were conveyed to the Polish count, intimating that ruin and misery impended over the Princess Taranakoff, which could be averted only by his ceasing all correspondence with her. Whatever ambitious designs might have actuated Radzivil, he was most anxious for the safety of the unfortunate girl. What could he do? Shorn of his estates and dignities, and in a foreign land, how was he to protect her from a powerful empress and most unscrupulous woman? Unhappily, he yielded to these covert menaces, and took a final leave of the princess, having first exacted a pledge from the Russian government that she should remain unharmed.

This separation effected, the most difficult part of Catharine's work was completed, and by the aid of the Count Alexey Orloff, and one of his infamous associates, the rest became easy. Though the murderer of her husband, Count Alexey retained the favor of his imperial mistress; doubtless, she found him a most useful tool in accomplishing other dark deeds, though a feiner color than the one committed on this hapless princess could hardly disguise human nature. When first resident at Rome, the grand-daughter of Peter the Great was amply supplied with everything befitting her rank; but at the time Orloff came thither, she was almost in want, and occupying a poor lodging in her humble quarters of the city. Judge of her surprise when an elegantly attired officer called upon her to offer his services. Though he was to all appearance wealthy, and his situation one of official indifference, he paid her the same respect as though she had been seated on the imperial throne. When invited to sit in her presence, he respectfully declined. "Sit down," said he, "cannot our poor dame be our respect. On it, when you are before me, forget that the grand-daughter of the illustrious Peter the Great is on

called to sit this thing I am after? In the me, because you are in a foreign land, to forget that to you, and not to the tyrannical foreigner who occupies it, belongs the imperial throne of Russia? I have not the honor to be your countryman, but believe me, princess, I am not the less devoted to your service, in which I would freely lay down my life."

The unfortunate princess listened with delight and thankfulness to this address. It was long since such respectful language had greeted her ears, and the departure of Radzivil had almost reduced her to despair. She answered this flattering speech in terms which proved how much pleasure it had given her, and desired to know to whom she was indebted for this solicitude respecting her welfare. To this her visitor replied: "That his name was of little moment, since he was only the ambassador sent by some of her most influential countrymen, whose hearts bled to think that she, the descendant of one so doubly illustrious as the Peter the Great had proved himself to be, should be exposed to neglect and indignity in a foreign land." The princess being naturally curious to know the names of those whose interest was so deeply excited in her behalf, again pressed her visitor for information on this point, but he still refused to gratify her curiosity. He, however, begged permission to present one who would explain all; and having obtained it, withdrew as from the presence of a sovereign prince, having first knelt to kiss her hand.

The visitor who thus imposed on the credulity of the Princess Taranakoff was indeed employed by one of her countrymen, he being the spy and associate of Count Alexey Orloff. The uniform in which he appeared was of course assumed for the occasion, as he was in reality a man of most infamous character, a Neapolitan by birth, and chosen as his tool by the count, because he had already committed crimes sufficient to prove that he would enter unscrupulously into the designs of that nobleman. Riba, for that was his name, did not at once introduce Orloff to the presence of his intended victim; he repeated his visit, and finding that she was in actual need, induced her to make use of his purse, and by the respect he paid her, completely won her confidence.

Now was Orloff's time. When informed that the schemes of his emissary had proved successful, and the princess was duly prepared to listen to and believe whatever he might advance, the principal tragedian, as we may call him, appeared on the stage.

Better skilled in the ways of a court than his emissary, the deference of the latter sank into insignificance when compared with that of his more polished employer; and as well did the latter play his part, that the princess became devotedly attached to the man whom she believed to be a model of all that was noble, good, and disinterested. In a short time, Orloff had caused for exultation in the success of his plan, for the princess readily consented to be his wife. A sham-marriage completed the deception, and was followed on the part of the princess by a brief period of unclouded happiness. Never for a moment did she suspect the imposition that had been practised upon her, but built with the most perfect faith on the affection and sincerity of him she believed to be her husband.

One day he entered her presence with an air of the greatest concern, and on her inquiring the reason of his sadness, Orloff replied: "Ah, dearest, I may well look sorrowful, since I must leave you—you whom all here call the good and the beautiful. But who can tell how good and how beautiful you are in my eyes? You, the grand-daughter of one who made himself as illustrious by his deeds as by his high station, yet deigned to bestow on me the treasure of your love."

"Why speak of this, Alexey?" said the princess. "My birth mattered little when you sought and found me poor—nay, in want. It was not on an illustrious princess you fixed your affections, but on a neglected and unfortunate woman. Why should we part? Can I not accompany you? Am I not your wife, and as such, it is not my pleasure to sacrifice my convenience to yours?"

It was, of course, no part of Orloff's intention to leave his wife behind, though he was desirous that she should propose to accompany him. Hitherto, she had been carefully watched, though unknown to herself, she having attributed the continual presence of the count to the devoted affection he professed for her. She was now informed that he had received a summons to join the squadron he commanded at Leghorn, and thither she also went, and was received with many demonstrations of respect. Orloff's scheme was fast approaching its completion, and the Empress Catharine, exulting in its success, prepared to shower honors on those who had labored so sedulously in her behalf.

It was a lovely day, with the blue sky only as an Italian sky can be, when the Princess Taranakoff, escorted by her husband, stepped into a magnificent barge. Gay, and in the highest spirits, the princess laughed and chatted with her attendants, little dreaming of the horrible fate impending over her. It had been arranged that she should be permitted the indulgence of a marine excursion, and she was assisted up the side of the vessel by her obsequious husband. The lookers-on saw the sails spread without suspicion, and waved their farewells, deeming that they should soon witness the return of the party. The hapless princess was doomed never to revisit the shores of Italy. On board the ship were none save the emissaries of Orloff; and now, having his wife completely in all his blackness and fiendish ingenuity. The delicate wrists of the princess were manacled, and the grand-daughter of the czar was taken back to her native land, not, as she had been led to expect, with the honors due to her rank, and the prospect of a throne, but as a wretched prisoner.

It would be utterly impossible to depict the agony of mind she must have endured during this gloomy voyage, but probably no human being ever endured greater. For during several years after her arrival, she was the inmate of a dungeon in the Russian capital. Catharine triumphed in the success of her plan, and simply rewarded those who had so successfully carried it out. Europe might condemn against

An aquarium, as most of our readers understand, is properly an artificial pond, in which aquatic plants are cultivated. It is also used as the habitation of fish, and other water animals. "Aquatic plants require the water in which they grow to be supplied constantly with a certain amount of carbonic acid to be absorbed by the leaves. Fish, on the other hand, require a constant supply of oxygen in the water they inhabit, and a constant removal of carbonic acid. Fish breathe the oxygen dissolved in water through their gills, which serve them for the same purpose as lungs in land animals. When they are confined to a small portion of water, they soon die, unless the water is removed, from time to time, or its gases in some way fitted for their respiration.

"If the object is to rear fresh water fish, the aquarium must be supplied with fresh water;

but, but her object was gained, and the Princess Taranakoff was in her power. In her dark prison-house, the unhappy young woman spent, it is said, six years, and her deliverance came in a dreadful fashion. The autumnal equinox was at hand, and a furious gale raged in St. Petersburg. The angry waves of the Neva lashed the sides of the prison in which she was confined. Absorbed in sorrowful reflections, she scarcely heeded the storm, until she noticed that the door of her dungeon was wet; then the horrible thought crossed her mind, that the river was rising. Perceiving that the water gained in height, she shrieked aloud; she strove, by every means in her power, to attract the attention of her jailer, but no human aid was at hand. She raised herself as high as possible by means of the articles of furniture in her cell, but still the waters pursued her. The whole of the ground-floor of the prison was laid under water. When the gale had passed over, and the impetuous Neva returned to its ordinary course, the jailer found only the corpse of what had been the victim of Count Alexey Orloff's treachery, and the jealous hatred of Catharine Alexievna.

SEED-WORDS.

'Twas nothing—a mere idle word,
From careless lips that fell,
Forgotten, as soon as said,
And purposeless as well.

But yet, as on the passing wind
Is borne the little seed,
Which blooms unheeded, as a flower,
Or as a noxious weed—

So often will a single word,
Unknown, its end fulfill,
And bear, in seed, the flower and fruit
Of actions good or ill. F. D.

AN ENGLISH RIFLE-MATCH.

Passing through the entrance, where we paid one shilling, we found ourselves on the common—a wide heath, with patches of furze, and a fringe of tents. The eye took in the arrangements at a glance. Within the fringe of tents, which contained mainly refreshments, were a row of others in pairs, about a hundred yards apart opposite and corresponding to pairs of butts 600 yards off. These were mounds of earth, some 15 feet high, and 30 feet wide. Beyond them was a still more distant line, nearly a mile off. In front of each stood the targets—plates of iron about half an inch thick, and six feet square, white-washed, with a black centre two feet in diameter. The furthest were so distant that the centre was just visible as a little black dot not much bigger than that of an "I."

The tents from which the firing was going on were surrounded by crowds of people, who were kept from interfering with the shooters by a rope passed round a ring of stakes driven into the ground. The firing tents to the right were occupied by the candidates for the Queen's Prize of £250; those on the left were hard at work at "Amateur Rifle." We visited these first. "Amateur Rifle" is adapted from the popular venture of that name at fairs and races. You pay a shilling for your shot, and the receipts are divided at the close of the day among those who hit the centre. I walked up to the tent opposite the third pair of butts; a crowd of gallant volunteers were waiting for their turn to shoot. The tent from which they fired in rotation was about eight feet wide, open before and behind. At the entrance, a man sat with pen, ink, and paper, ready to receive the money, and put down the names of those who hit the centre. Some twenty men were standing in single file, trailing close on



THE AQUARIUM.

and, to avoid the necessity of changing it frequently, fresh water plants must be cultivated in it, so as to absorb, by their growth, the carbonic acid and other impurities, and, at the same time, renew the exhausted supply of oxygen. If salt water fish are to inhabit the aquarium, sea-water, or water of similar quality, with plants naturally adapted to it, must be provided."

From the foregoing, which we copy from Prof. Campbell's work on Agriculture, (published by Messrs. Lindsay & Blackiston,) it will be seen that plants are absolutely essential to the life of the fish in the aquarium, a fact which serves to show the remarkable compensating influence which the combined breathings of plants and animals exert in maintaining the proper proportions of oxygen and carbonic acid in the water.

each other's heels, and shuffling forward as the turn of the leading man came to fire; after which he moved off to the right, round the tent, reloaded, and took his place again in the line—like the procession in the smaller theatres. You might fire in any position. This liberty was freely used. Some stood; some knelt in the approved Hythe posture; others sat down, and gathered up their knees as if they were going to take their place in a circle of "Hunt the Slipper;" others lay flat down upon their stomachs. The mistakes made were occasionally odd enough. "Hello! sir, you have forgotten to cock your rifle." "You have not put up your sight." "That is the wrong butt you are aiming at." One sat down with a jolt, and fired right up into the air!

Close beside each target was a bullet-proof iron shed, shaped like the body of a Hancom off its wheels; in this the marker sat, and signalled the result of each shot. A dark-blue flag showed that the centre was hit; a white one, that the white part of the target had been struck; a red, waved close to the ground, that the ball had fallen short.

Armed with a race-glass, lent to me by one of the bystanders, I sat down on the grass at the entrance of the tent, and watched the shooting. The target, I have said, was five hundred yards off, and the centre two feet in diameter. No one was allowed to fire from a rest. This, then, was no child's play, though many of those present joined in it with great merriment. The party who were firing belonged to a genuine London corps; many of them, till within the last few months, never had a rifle in their hands. The shooting, however, was remarkably good. One smart young fellow was telling me how he knew nothing whatever about shooting until lately. When his turn came, he laid himself flat down on the ground, and quietly drove his bullet right into the centre—that is, he would have hit a man more than a quarter of a mile off. I stood by the tent for some time; again and again the distant flag was waved, showing that the target had been struck; and this was the skill of men who hitherto had spent their lives behind the counter or at the desk. Think of that, ye sneering martinet and swaggering French colonels! Here were thorough-bred Cockneys, joking fun at one another, but all the while making practice that would rival or even beat the famous Chasseurs de Vincennes, without seeming to them they were doing anything out of the way. A soldier alone, who stood by me, expressed my surprise.

Presently, the order came to cease firing; and the markers, waving large red flags, to indicate danger, came out of their holes, and went to dinner. Most of the spectators turned into a huge refreshment marquee, furnished by Strang, the caterer at the Crystal Palace. All tastes were suited; you could dine at any figure at well-ordered tables, or be happy on the grass with a slice of bread and cheese and a pot of porter.

During the armistice, I walked up to the butts. For many yards in front of them the ground was covered with flakes of lead, the bullets that struck the iron having been, not flattened—that is too gentle a word—but actually splashed about. The targets were spotted all over with hits. These untrained, inexperienced Londoners would have utterly cut up a body of horse or foot half a mile off!

When the firing began again, I went to see the conclusion of the contest for the Queen's Prize—the highest honor of the week. The competitors had already been shooting at the 600 and 800 yard ranges; and when I walked up, a party of the Scots Fusilier Guards, in uniform, were firing up the tent to see from what distance they could hit the target. The target was also in this case white, with a centre

two feet in diameter. It looked hopelessly distant.

Imagine yourself standing at the Oxford Street Clock, and expected to hit a tin-tray in Tottenham Court Road.

There was quite a purple haze, that made the butts look like a distant hill, the target showing like a white cottage at its foot with one small window.

Thousands of spectators had now assembled to watch the progress, or rather final struggle, of the match. The signal flags were so distant, that many would not trust their naked eyes, but used a telescope.

In a very short time, the strife became exceedingly interesting. Mr. Ross and another gentleman were ahead of the rest, and equal. It was Mr. Ross's turn. He knelt down, aimed deliberately, and pulled the trigger. Alas! his rifle was only at half-cock. This threw him out for a minute. Several voices, sympathetically enough, said: "Ah, now he will miss." A shade of nervousness crossed his mind. His close competitor, strung up to the slightest strain of excitement, lay down flat upon the grass, and hid his face. Ross, having now cocked his rifle, missed, as was predicted.

The other gentleman picked himself up from the ground, and came forward. See! he knelt down, steadied himself upon his heel, and put his rifle to his shoulder. No—not yet—something dashed him. He takes it down for a moment, and passes his hand over his eyes. Another aim—crack! Yes—up goes the white flag; the target is hit—he is one ahead.

Now, Mr. Ross, this is the crisis of your fame; miss, and you lose the prize; hit the centre, and you win—that will count two, and leave you victor by one point. It is a trying moment. The little dot on the white target seems to move further off; you can barely see it; but to hit it, with that small candle-end of lead you have just pushed into your rifle, shade of Robin Hood, behold! Now for nerves of steel, and a pulsing heart.

All hold their breath. The marker's hand stops midway with fresh-dipped pen; the very policemen on duty shade their eyes with their palms to catch sight of the possible signal. The gallant young volunteer kneels coolly down in the door of the tent, and raises his rifle. Crack! a puff of smoke; no other sound breaks the silence. No!—yes, yes, it is the dark flag; he has struck the centre, that little hopeless dot, no bigger than a pin-point, nearly a mile off; and the suppressed breath of the multitude bursts forth into a well-earned cheer.

After this, he shot off one or two ties, and established his victory.

And now fresh bodies of volunteers came pouring into the common, dusty, and, to judge of the rate at which they rushed into the refreshment-booth, when they had piled arms, thirsty as sand.

WIVES.

BY A WIDOW OF THREE HUSBANDS.

The poets, from Solomon to Burns—as far as I am acquainted with them—have sung the praises of good wives. They have been praised in song at a price above rubies, crowns of gold and other first-class valuables, and compared to an infinite variety of objects in heaven and earth, to which they bear no more resemblance than a lively sewing machine bears to a dead ass.

The truth is, that good wives don't belong to poetry. They are plain, quiet, household facts. Their sphere lies within the narrow circle of the homestead, not among the stars, and *The Iliad*, not *The Muses*, are the sources of their inspiration. For inspired they are, and with something better than day-dreams; while their realm, as they govern it, is rightly considered, far more glorious than the misty region in which poets delight to quiver their erratic wings.

A good wife is a woman of business. She proceeds upon a system having for its end and purpose the protection of her husband's interests, his comfort, his happiness, and the securing to herself of his affections, undivided love. If all married women acted upon such a plan, there would be fewer matrimonial jealousies, desertions and divorces. Believe me, the best counterpoise to all outside temptations is a pleasant home, and such a home—illumined by the presence of a loving wife—will sometimes draw a wayward husband from the haunts of dissipation, and make a man of him, when even his best friends have said, "Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone."

I need not describe a good wife, nor the attractive aspect which the little domestic empire, Home, assumes under her management. We all know what an invitation to come in and be comfortable the family parlor seems to present, on opening the door. Order, cleanliness, and tidiness are the laws of her household, and somehow or other she contrives to have them obeyed without scolding. Her voice is never heard in the virage key. She does all things mildly. A kindly whisper is enough for her children, who are never ragged, dirty or rebellious. Even the burly watch dog looks as if he guarded the house for pure love, and not for the cold victrola. But alas, these domestic paradises are like watering places in the desert, thinly scattered. If men were better, there would be more such homes, and if there were more, men would be better. There are creatures in broadcloth who cannot appreciate anything that is domestic, and there are beings in ermine who do not seem to understand the meaning of the word. Of these two classes comes much matrimonial misery. Why either should marry I cannot conceive. Probably the old serpent, whose first exploit on earth was to set his first couple by the ears, put it into their heads. I might say a good deal about bad and shiftless husbands. Heaven knows I have seen enough of them in all their miserable varieties! But to draw their pictures does not come within the scope of my present purpose. It is of wives and to wives, only, that I wish to speak. And now, having dwelt at some length on the merits of the good ones, I will give a few specimens from the black sheep of the flock. If among my brief sketches, any married lady should fancy she detects her own likeness, all that she has to do is to turn

over a new leaf, and the resemblance will cease.

The slipshod wife is a terrible eye-sore—and heart-sore, too—to the man of methodical habits. One might suppose, if such things were supposable in a matter-of-fact age, that the malignant fairy, Disorder, had presided at her birth, and endowed her child with her own habits, as a spontaneous present. The motto of the slipshod wife is, "a place for nothing, and nothing in its place." Her home is "a chaos come again." Everything in the house seems to have been either deposited there by a gale, or washed in by a freshet, or dropped in a thunder-shower. Not that there are any tokens of a rush of water, save such as might be indicated by the confusion. On the contrary, all the rooms seem to be suffering from a dearth of that fluid—and of soap. The children's faces plainly show that they are not amphibious—being entirely of the earth, earthy. The cats, falling in with the family habits, seem to have neglected to wash and towel themselves with their paws, as the felines of cleaner households are accustomed to do, and the frisky dog throws out a cloud of dust whenever he shakes himself. But the mistress of the dwelling, who shall describe her? Open at the back, pinned together in front, down at the heel, and the heel unevenly, in her all the dirt and disorganization of the domicile appear to be personified. A head of frothy hair, spiced all over with soiled curl-papers, forms the ornamental capital of this pillar of the domestic temple. Surely, surely the most inveterate man-hater that ever lectured on women's wrongs, might afford to pity the husband of a slipshod wife.

The street-gossip-spinster is another variety of the neglectful wife, who is at home in the side of her *carra* spool. She is only at home in rainy weather, and her house has just such a cold, gloomy, deserted air about it, as might fancy appertain to a Khan in the Russian wilderness that never has a chance to make a cheerful echo or catch a living shadow, except when a caravan passes that way. I have an idea that a home left to take care of itself, unwarmed by a smile from its mistress, from daylight to dusk, grows dimmer and more dismal in its aspect day by day. Never did I enter the domicile of a street-gossip-spinster to find her, as usual, not at home, without getting the blues. There is something in the very atmosphere of a house, left wholly to the care of servants, that chills the marrow of my bones. And, then, what mischief the street-gossip-spinster does. How she little-tattles away reputations; how she talnts good names with her scandal-freighted breath; what cruel false rumors and mendacious rumors, that truth seldom overtakes, she sets a gallop in the community. What trouble she brings upon her unhappy husband, who is saddled with all the evil consequences of her heartless gossip. If this article should ever meet the eyes of any of the street-gossip-spinners, may it reach their hearts! Amen and amen!

The termagant, perhaps, is worst of all. With her there can be no peace, or hope of peace. Her "voice is still for war." And what a voice it is. It is as the shriek of a dozen grantees axles. There is no let to it. Piled in all, it stays there. It goes through you like a knife, and not only sets your teeth on edge, but makes your hair stand on end. It transpires the servants through the ears, and reduces them to a state of semi-idioty. It turns the milk of human kindness sour in the gentlest breast, as surely as a thunder storm turns milk to bonny-clabber. But the subject is too repulsive. I don't like to dwell upon it. Heaven keep all good men and true from intermarrying with one of these moral pests, called termagants, vixens or viragos. A plague go with them—as indeed it does—go where they will.

There are other varieties of the black sheep of the wife-fold, but I have not space to dwell upon them here. There are the fast wife, the slow wife, the pert wife, the dismal wife, and several others, whose genius for making husbands wretched and themselves objects of dislike, is truly wonderful. But when all the chaff is winnowed away, there is enough of the pure sound wheat of womanhood to make all good men happy. And besides, thousands of incompetent and inconsiderate wives are blessed with warm hearts; and where there is good material to work upon there is always hopes of reform. It is only wives without hearts that are incorrigible, and they are as truly exceptions, I hope, in the kingdom of matrimony, as scophytes are in the kingdom of vegetation.

A word and I have done. Let no wife deem me obtrusive or impertinent when I advise all wives, for their own sakes, to make *home* so delightful that no spot on earth beyond its walls shall seem comparable to it, even in the eyes of a not easily impressed husband. Shall I tell them how to do this. Not I. Every woman knows.—N. Y. Atlas.

LICHENS.—As the earth's first mercy, so they are the last gift to it. When all other service is vain, from plant and tree, the soft mosses and grey lichens take up their watch by the head-stone. The woods, the blossoms, the gift-bearing grasses, have done their parts for a time, but these do service for ever. Trees for the builder's yard, flowers for the bride's chamber, corn for the granary, moss for the grave. Yet, as in one sense the humblest, is another they are the most honored of the earth-children. Unfading, as motionless, the ferns fret them not, and the autumn wastes not. Strong in lowliness, they neither blanch in heat nor pine in frost. To them, slow-fingered, constant-hearted, is intrusted the weaving of the dark eternal tapestries of the hills; to them, slow-pencilled, iris-dyed, the tender framing of their endless imagery. Sharing the stillness of the unimpassioned rock, they share also its endurance; and while the winds of departing spring scatter the white hawthorn blossoms like drifted snow, and summer dims on the parched meadow the drooping of its cowlly gold—far above, among the mountains, the silver lichen spots rest, star like, on the stone; and the gathering orange stain upon the edge of yonder western peak reflects the sunsets of a thousand years.—Ruskin's "Modern Painters."

A crowd of two thousand in Limerick, Ireland, burned Garibaldi in effigy recently, after having hung him on Gallows Green.

COME HOME TO DIE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY KATE P. KIRKVEN.

Back to your arms, oh, mother, the worried heart
has come,
You best know all its suffering—how it long'd to be
at home!
How it pray'd with pray'r unceasing, once again
upon your breast
To fold its weary pinions, and forget its wild
unrest;
How it cease'd its bitter aching, as we near'd the
welcome shore,
Then joy beyond my strength was born, and then I
knew no more!
Do not chide me for my weakness—only kiss the
tears away—
Since I wept upon your bosom has been many a
weary day.

How could I ever leave you? A mother's only
son,
And she a widow! God forgive the deed that I
have done!
You remember, mother darling, how, as evening
shadows fell,
Many a legend of the Norsemen, with a kindling
eye you'd tell—
How they cross'd the seas, some of Odin, as a tempest
o'er the seas,
And the nations wept before them, as the dawn
before the breeze—
And the raven war'd defiance, as it flap'd its
prophet-wings
O'er the sea on Saxon bosoms, and the throne of
Saxon kings!

And then you told—how proudly with lip and
cheek aglow,
That the blood of those old Norse kings in my veins
still kept its flow;
And there came a restless yearning, and it strengthen'd
day by day,
Till my hand—its grew a burden, and I long'd to be
away!
You little thought to wake one morn, and hear my
voice no more,
Or my eager footsteps hasting to meet you at the
door!

Hold me closer, mother, closer—kiss the throbbing
from my brow—
Or I'll think I'm only dreaming that your arms are
round me now!

The night before I went away, the weary eve before
I left the mother-shelter, to return, a child, no more,
As twilight close'd around us, I crept beside your
chair—
You laid your hand so fondly amid my clasp'd
ring
hair,
And said I had my father's eyes—and kiss'd them
for his sake,
And call'd me all your treasure, till I thought my
heart would break!
You gave me many a tender word before I left your
side,
And pray'd that God would keep me whatever
might befall,
You little dream'd, dear mother, with the breaking
of the dawn,
To find your heart made desolate, its only sunshine
gone!

I lay awake till midnight, and I listen'd to the sea,
With its great heart beating madly to a mystic
melody—
When sea and soul were stirring, I crept down the
stairs,
And reach'd your open chamber-door—my footsteps
linger'd there!
I stole up to your pillow, and by the moonlight's
gleam,
I kiss'd you in your sleeping, and you fancied it a
dream!

One tress of hair I sever'd, as my tears fell hot and
fast—
One other kiss I left you, and that cruel parting
pass'd!
Oh! many a heavy day has gone, and many a night
of tears,
Since that hour of sorest parting, and those heart-
engraving years!
In the solemn midnight watches, with the holy sky
above,
You can know, my gentle mother, how I thirsted
for your love!
Till my heart grew sick with pining, and my cheek
as pale as now,
And Death came close beside me, with his shadow
on my brow;
Though my lips refused their language, still my
heart had strength to pray,
That God would spare the wanderer for the mother
far away!

They told me that your footsteps had feeble grown
and slow,
And your soft eyes dim with weeping—dear mother,
was it so?
There's many a line of silver in the brownness of
your hair,
Was it grieving for your truant, that wrought so
madly there?
And the lips that mutely kiss me, are white with
pain unaid,
But the heart has all the beauty—all the tender-
ness of old!

I scarce can see you, mother, through the blinding
tears that fall—
Say only you forgive me—it will recompense for all.

As I lie upon your bosom, the shadows to and fro
With noiseless footfalls wander, and I dream of long
ago;
The golden days come back again, and in their
tender gleam,
Our parting seems but fancy, and the years be-
tween a dream!
With your loving eyes above me, and your kiss to
quiet fears,
My heart forgets its sadness, and my eyes forget
their tears.
Other dreams may lose their beauty, other blossoms
fade and fall,
But the mother-love, the mother-love, it keepeth
green through all!

When you close my eyes forever—it will not be
long, I know,
Ere my feebly-thrumping pulses have cease'd their
ebb and flow—
You will not weep, dear mother, that, secure from
all alarms,
You lay me from your bosom in a loving Saviour's
arms;
Where the darkness never enters, but only perfect
day,
Whence the heart can never wander, nor the tired
feet ever stray.
Your vigils will be ended, and their pain forgot-
ten be—

And your hours of lonely weeping for a wayward boy
at sea!

I never knew a father's love—I wonder if he'll
know,
When I reach that distant city, the child you
cherish'd so—
Many a stranger heart has lov'd me, and blood
me for the face
So strangely like my mother's, with its pale and
dreamy grace!
And I felt that all who knew you in the happy
years before,
Remember'd you still tenderly, as in the days of
yore;
And my father, too, may know me, in that hour of
perfect joy!
Ah! you smile, my gentle mother, at the dream-
ing of your boy!

Lay my head, my mother darling, close beside the
tried wall,
With the blessed sunlight streaming as a golden
rain o'er all—
Where little feet will linger, as the sunset shadows
lean,
And English daisies blossom, my heart and you be-
tween—
You'll remember, mother darling, when the night's
Death is near,
Two in heaven will be waiting your coming feet to
hear;
You will not shrink nor tremble—you know who
went that way—
One step into the darkness—then God's eternal day!
From my heart the bloom has faded, and from my
eyes their light—
Press me closer to your bosom—kiss me—mother,
dear, good night!

Philadelphia.

REGINA;
OR, THE BIRTHRIGHT.

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER X.

Oh, think of all the thousand ways
In which you strive to torture me—
Think how you twist mine own words
With the dead leaves of treachery!
Think how your hand now shoves me out
From human love and sympathy,
Till faith in man becomes a doubt,
And Heaven a vast blue mystery! M. B.

Ruth lifted her streaming eyes to his.
"Howe, if you pity those poor birds, pity
me!—I am far more wretched than they
are!"

"I never said I pitied them."
"Oh, but you do—you cannot help it! I
know you have a kind heart; I have often
thought so."
He laughed.
"I have indeed, Howe. When you came
twice, and told me about him, I said how kind
you were."
"If you made such a preposterous blunder,
it is quite time I set you right. If I have a
heart at all—and I often doubt it—it is harder
than the mother's milstone. I care no more for
your sighs and tears than I care for the piping
of those foolish birds—except that I think you
look rather prettier while you are weeping. If
such a thing is possible. Most women make
frights of themselves if they cry; you do not;
and so you can go on as long as you like; I do
not object to it in the least."

The man's look and language were so dif-
ferent from anything she had ever seen in
him before, that Ruth almost forgot her
misery in her astonishment, as she gazed at
him. He drew himself up to his full height,
and made a gesture as if he was casting some-
thing from him.

"There, for the present I will be myself. I
will throw aside this disguise of servitude, and
speak out like a man. It relieves me inex-
pressibly—and besides, you may be more ready
to listen to me when you see me in my best as-
pect. I have one."

Ruth rose from the floor, wiped away her
tears, and sat down again in the velvet chair,
sick and dizzy, and longing to know what all
these startling scenes and words could mean.
Charlemont felt? Oh, it could not be! This
man was evidently not a servant—he had been
imposed upon—he was seeking to win
her by some terrible falsehood, but he should
find her true—true and patient! And let the
plot be what it might, her brave Charlemont
would find a way to cut its threads, and save
her! All would be well, in time!

"Have you no curiosity about me, Ruth?"
asked Howe, finding she did not speak.

"Why should I have? What can you possi-
bly be to me, that I should take any interest
in you or your position? If you were a prince
of the blood royal it would make no difference!
Charlemont stands between us!"

"Idiot! you had better say that Regina
stands between you and Charlemont—as she
does!"

"I do not believe it."
"Capital! What do you believe, then?"

"That you are one of Charlemont's friends
—at least, that you call yourself one—and that
you have taken advantage of some confidence
he has placed in you, to try and make me hate
him. The attempt is a most useless one; I
shall pay no attention to what you say, and I
himself will punish you for your treachery
when he hears of it."

Howe laughed—a low, long, sarcastic laugh,
that was by no means pleasant to hear.

"Upon my word, the faith you women have
in us men is refreshing! You will believe me
soon enough, however. And so you take me
for one of his friends?"

"One of his seeming friends."

"I wonder what he would say to that! My
dear, I am sorry to knock your pretty little
romance on the head, but I must. I am not a
gentleman—at least, by birth; I am the son of
a very poor Yorkshire farmer, and I have been
Lord Charlemont's servant ever since I was
sixteen, and he thirteen, years old. His confi-
dential servant, too;—and that means very
much."

Ruth's courage began to fall; and leaning
back, she covered her eyes with her hand. If,
indeed, this was true, might not all be?

"I was with the Earl—he was not in Earl
then, though—at school, and at a university
abroad," continued Howe. "A promising youth
he was! You, who have such an affectionate
faith in him, would be quite charmed with the
details of his early life; but I will not enter
into them. It is quite enough to tell you that
'women and wine' have been his 'rock' ahead
ever since I have had the pleasure of knowing
him, and that you are by no means the only
fair lady who has trusted him too far!"

Ruth did not answer this taunt. A cold hand,
like the hand of death, rested on her heart,
and yet her temples burned and throbbed with
agony, and her cheeks were flushed as he had
never seen them before.

"A color becomes you, my dear. No reason
that you ever were upon the stage was half so
beautiful as that you have now. But I think
you do not like compliments, and so I will go
on with my story. You must know that the
Earl was always very fond of me. I came to
him a rough, ignorant boy; indeed, he took me
out of his father's stable, if the truth must be
told, because I pleased him by my bold riding,
and could stick in my saddle, when I went over
a five-barred gate, as if I grew there. He was
very kind to me—he gave me all the advan-
tages in his power, and as I was not quite an
idiot, I improved them. At school, at the uni-
versity, I served him; but I also studied hard,
and he helped and encouraged me. When he
left Germany I really think I was the best man
of the two at the classics. You would hardly
think that of me, would you, my dear Ruth?"

She was silent.

"Dumb still!" he continued, with a smile.
"Well, I am coming to something that will
interest you more. I am going to tell you
how I loved that man when you are loving at
this very moment. His own brother never
was half so devoted to him. I would have
died for him. I owed him everything; it was
almost as if he had created me; and I paid
him that service and worship that theologians
say we ought to pay to Him who really did
turn us from the dust of earth into living be-
ings. It went on for a few years, and then how
do you think he repaid all that fidelity and
affection?"

"As he has repaid mine!" murmured
Ruth.

"You are not far wrong. There was a girl"
—a momentary spasm crossed his dark, quiet
face—"a girl as beautiful and as pure as you
were before he met you, and I loved her with
all my heart, and was going to make her my
wife. She loved me, too—at least she fancied
she did; and we were happier, I think, than
human beings ever were before. By heaven!
even now, and here, beneath this roof, the
memory of Alice makes a joy of me again!"

He leaned his head upon his clasped hands,
and something like a sob burst from his lips.
But before Ruth could take advantage of this
gentle mood, he controlled himself, and went
on with his tale, in the same cold tone.

"I told my master of her. I took him to
see her. I went away, by his suggestion, to
prepare a little home for her. I worked hard
—but it was a labor of love. When the cottage
was ready, and I returned for my bride, where
do you think she was?"

"I pity you from the bottom of my heart!"
said Ruth, gently.

"Bah! I do not want your pity. I swore on
that day, that from your sex I would accept
neither love nor sympathy again. Alice had
gone abroad, and with Charlemont; but she
did not return with him. In six months he
was back again in England, gay and happy as
ever. He had left her abroad."

"Poor girl!"

"Ah!" said Howe, with a quiet smile, "you
need not pity her either. Both he and I
were mistaken in Alice. I thought her pure,
and he thought her meek and forgiving. I
knew, years ago, that I had been at fault;
but it is reserved for him to learn wisdom
later yet."

"How long ago was all this?"

"Fifteen years."

"He must have been a mere boy."

"Scarcely older than his son is now."

"His son! Had she a child?"

"Yes."

"And does he know this?"

"Not at present; but he will be informed in
time."

Ruth sat lost in thought. It was far less
bitter to lose this Charlemont than the Char-
lemont she had loved. And yet she could
forgive him all—may, she must forgive it, and
save Regina from a doom which she, least of
all women, could bear—that of marrying a man
who was not worthy of her, and whom she did
not love.

"If he has injured you so, why are you with
him still?" she asked.

"He has injured you as deeply, and yet you
would pardon him, and that gladly," said
Howe, who seemed able to read her thoughts
by watching her face.

"I am a woman!"

"Well, it may be that we forgive as well as
you!"

She looked at him a moment.

"No, you have not forgiven him!"

"I have given up every hope and prospect
in life, simply to be near him. I might have
raised myself far above my station, in another
land, for I have talent, though you may not
think it. In America, for instance, where rank
is not inherited, but won, I might have filled a
high place in the eyes of men. I knew it—I
felt my power! Perhaps even here in England
I could have risen from obscurity if I had
chosen to exert myself. But I preferred to stand
behind the chair of the Earl of Charlemont—
to manage his affairs—to write his letters—
to witness those which charmed you so in
Paris! I not only wrote, but I composed them,
Ruth!"

"Oh, this is bitter!" she sighed.

"Well, take the dose without making any
fuss about it; and show yourself a woman of
sense, and join with me in the revenge I shall
have some day!"

"Revenge?"

"What else do you think I am living for? I
came to him after—after Alice was lost to me,
and said that I forgave him. He believed me.
He took me back into his service, and thought
he made amends for all by the heavy salary
he gave me, and the trifling labor he allotted
to my share. I was with him when he married

—and when he married—that unfortunate
wife of his!"

"Married!"

"Make yourself easy; he did it legally, and
with all propriety. Yet the poor lady was no
less murdered than if he had stabbed her to
the heart. Well, then, he went abroad. I
was with him. He came to England. I was
with him. He won you; he won a thousand
others; he threw them aside, and yet I was
with him. He loves now for the first time in
his whole life, and I am with him. He goes
abroad with Regina. I shall be with him still.
Believe me, Ruth, if Satan were at his elbow,
in person, it would be as well. For fifteen
years I have led him on from crime to crime—
his soul has been steeped in vice beyond re-
demption; and it has all been my work! His
penitence hereafter being certain, only one
thing remained—to torture him here on earth.
I had almost despaired of success till now; but
he loves Regina—he loves Regina, and I can
drive him to the very heart, by means of her
and of that affection!"

"Good heavens!" cried Ruth. "Was ever
anything more horrible! You cannot mean
it!"

"Every word. I have never said it before;
I cannot tell you how it has relieved me."
"If it is all true," said Ruth, rising, "I will
save him."

"From what, pray?"

"From you and from himself!"

"In what way?"

"At least he shall not marry Regina."

"What a disinterested creature you are!—
But let me finish my story: let me tell you
how this wedding was brought about. Do you
remember the meeting at your chamber window
the night before you came here?"

"What of it?"

"I planned it. It was a clever thing, I
must say. While you and Charlemont were
talking and cooing there, Clifford was perched
upon the wall, looking at you, and fancying it
was his beloved Regina all the while!"

"Good heavens! is this true?"

"As gospel, my dear. I have laughed till I
cried over the scene a thousand times since—
He tried to strike the Earl, but tumbled down
the lane in a fit, and we bundled him into a
cab and sent him home, like a pair of good Ba-
marrians as we were."

"And then—what then? Oh, if you have
any mercy, tell me more!"

"Why, what could you expect? Of course,
he quarreled with Regina, and then with Char-
lemont. They fought—the Earl was hit, and
Clifford ran away. Then Regina very kindly
received her champion; and the end of all is,
that to-morrow they are to be married and
start for Italy—with me for I meet them in
Paris. Is it not an interesting story?"

"Planned! That meeting was planned?
And by him—with his consent!" moaned
Ruth.

"Of course it was. But don't faint away
again—what good will that do? You see now
what the visit to Paris was for. I planned that
also. It was the only way I could see for him
to win her."

"What had I ever done to you that you
should break my heart so cruelly?" said Ruth,
looking at him with her large, and eyes.

"Done to me? Why, nothing! And I never
gave you a thought in the matter one way or
another, except that the fact of your loving and
trusting him made his race with me so much
deeper, and because Regina is so fond of
that man when she finds it all out—ah, what a
sore that will be! By heaven! I shall be re-
paid for all I have suffered when the day comes!
And there is another thing in store for her;
but that I leave to Alice—for she will be there!
And you, Ruth, will you come with us, too?"

"Oh, let me die!—let me die!" she moaned,
resting her forehead on the cool marble of the
chimney-piece.

"If you prefer it! But you have something
to do first."

"What?"

"Consent to make me happy!"

She looked at him with a vacant glance.

"I swore never to receive love or tenderness
from your sex again when Alice deserted me.
But—"

A glimpse of his meaning flashed across her
bewildered brain, and she uttered a cry of fear.

"Man, have you no mercy? Oh, let me go—
let me go and warn him before it is too late!"

"Go, by all means—if you can!" was his
mocking reply.

She knelt at his feet.

"Ruth—I will beg you, like this, to let me
go!"

"You know I shall do nothing of the kind.
What do you think I made this journey for?
The Earl himself begs that you will not favor
him or Regina with your company, you know.
I, on the contrary, shall be exceedingly grate-
ful for it, till I am obliged to leave you. And
if you like, in the course of a few months,
Alice herself will tell you when you can join
me again."

Ruth darted to the window, and called aloud
for help.

"Don't strain your voice, my dear!" he said
quietly. "The village is at some little dis-
tance, and I may as well tell you now that
every one in Whitton supposes you to be a
mad lady, brought here by your keepers for
the sake of quiet and country air. Even if they
should happen to hear your cries, they would
run away instead of coming to help you. Mrs.
Maining has taken care of that. She told the
workmen that one of your violent paroxysms
was coming on, when she employed them to
put these strong bars before your windows.
You will find that we have thought of every-
thing—prepared for everything!"

"Mad!" exclaimed Ruth, looking at him
with a despairing glance. "Well, perhaps I
shall be soon! Oh, let me go—let me go! for
heaven's sake!"

Howe's only answer was a smile, and he
stepped forward and sounded a little bell that
hung from the wall. A dumb waiter rose
through the floor, furnished with a delicate
and tempting meal.

"You see we have adopted some of the habits
of her Brompton cottage," he said, courteously.
"I will leave you to your lunch. At seven,
I shall have the honor of dining with you. I
trust to find you kinder than you are in-
clined to be now; for you know, my dear, that
you must submit, either willingly or unwill-

ingly, to all the arrangements I have made
here for your comfort and for mine."

He touched the secret spring as he spoke,
and passed quickly into the next room. Ruth
dragged herself to the wall, and sought dili-
gently with her trembling fingers for its con-
cealed door. In vain! In vain! Twenty-four
hours more, and Regina would be lost like
Charlemont, while she roved in the prison
which he whom she loved had so cunningly
and faithfully devised.

The Earl of Charlemont rose very early on
the morning after Howe's departure for Wil-
lerton—so early that not a housemaid in the
establishment was up, and only a faint streak
of dawn light was visible in the east. He
rang the bell of his dressing-room very gently,
and presently there entered to him Robert, the
fanciful who had been dismissed from Ruth's
cottage to make room for the son of Mrs. Main-
ing.

"Any letters yet, Robert?" asked the Earl,
anxiously.

"None, my lord," replied the man, as he
stirred the fire (lighted by his own hands at
four, A. M.), in a little saloon opening out of
the dressing-room.

"Give me some breakfast, and take this
letter to Mr. Howard's Square immediately."

"Yes, my lord."

Robert disappeared. While the breakfast
was being prepared, let us look over the Earl's
shoulder as he dashes off a despatch to his
cousin, Tom Grosvenor.

"My Dear Fellow,—
"Have your person ready at the proper hour.
I have not yet heard from it, but all must go
well in that quarter. Look, having served me
faithfully so far, will hardly desert me now. I
shall see her at eight. Good heavens! what if
this day and this thing should go wrong, after
all? I wish with all my heart that it was over;
till it is, I am in torment. Keep everything
as quiet as you can at the church. Above all,
see that there is no mistake—no delaying with
the person."

Yours, C."

"Take this," he said to Robert, as he re-
turned, "and give it to Captain Grosvenor's
valet yourself. He will be up, and expecting
you. You are to bring back an answer, and
to go and come as fast as your horse can carry
you. Call up the people before you set out.
I shall wait the brougham at exactly half past
seven. No one need come to me till you re-
turn. I shall dress by myself."

Wondering "what the deuce was the mat-
ter," Robert departed, and the Earl devoted
himself to breakfast, staring vacantly into the
fire, as he munched his toast, and scolding
himself with his coffee. A few hours, and his
destiny would be decided; a few hours, and
Regina would be his own, if nothing happened
to overturn his carefully laid plans. What
could happen? He did not know; but the
guilty are ever full of fear, and he trembled
like a coward over the brink of a happiness
so exquisite, that it seemed to him only like a
dream.

He dressed hurriedly, but carefully; hiding
his bridegroom's apparel under a palette of
blatant servitude in and out. Robert,
coming back, found him walking, nervously,
up and down the room; and gave him a small
note, written on the fly-leaf of a volume of
French plays. He read it through, and a deep
color suffused his face.

"It is all right, Robert. Have you seen to
everything?"

"To everything, my lord. The coachman
has just gone to the station, with the trunks
and imperials."

"Very well. Is the brougham ready?"

"Yes, my lord."

"You are to go out with me. And—tell the
people, before we set out."

In ten minutes, the Earl and his servant
were progressing swiftly towards Regina's
home, while the servants' hall was filled with
a group of wondering domestics, discussing
the astonishing news which had just been
communicated to them. "A Countess of
Charlemont! and married no one knows
where, or by whom! (Going off, too, to France,
in such a hurry, and without even a wedding
breakfast!"

"My lord is mad!" exclaimed the stout
cook, indignantly; and the housekeeper nod-
ded her head approvingly at the daring speech;
and the tall footman cried, "Bravo! Not
one among them cared to see a mistress ruling
in Charlemont House, or Charlemont Hall;
especially a mistress who stepped from the
stage, to sit upon her throne, and reign over
them. I am afraid those were but sorry con-
gratulations which were uttered behind the
Earl's back; and though plenty of champagne
and claret flowed later on in the day, not once
was the little health drank by those who
were so soon to form the members of her
household, and the doers of her will.

At the Brompton Cottage everything was
going on quiet, as usual. Regina, having
breakfasted (for it was one of her "early
days," was lying on a sofa in her dressing-
room, looking languidly at Prudence, who was
emptying the contents of a set of drawers,
upon the chairs, and packing them neatly for
the journey so soon to be taken.

"Why in the world have you begun so
soon?" asked Regina, with a terrific yawn.

"You have days, yet, before you."

"But, my dear, you forget that I have
many things to see to besides this. There is
the breakfast!"

"I don't mean to have one, Prudence."

The worthy woman looked horrified.

"No breakfast! My dear, it would hardly
be a wedding without one!"

"Indeed! I always labored under a foolish
impression that the ceremony at church had
something to do with the wedding."

"No breakfast!"

"Who is to eat it, pray? Do you suppose
Lord Charlemont and I are going to amuse
ourselves by sitting down to it alone?"

"There is the manager, Mr. Irwin."

"He is out of town. I sent a note to his
house yesterday, and he has been gone a
week. No, Prudence, I'll have no breakfast
of my own. The servants may have a feast, if
they like—and I dare say they will. But I
shall start almost from the church door, for
Paris. Dear old Paris! Do you know, Pru-
dence, the pleasantest part of the whole busi-

ness to me is, that I shall see that city again,
and so soon!"

Prudence went on tidying and packing, for a
time, in perfect silence. At last, without look-
ing up, she said,
"My dear, at times, I think you are doing
wrong!"

"I am doing that always!"

"But in this one thing."

"How?"

"Don't be offended, my dear, if I ask you
a very plain question. Do you love the
Earl?"

"Not a bit!" was the cold reply. "And
you know it very well!"

"Pshaw, then, my dear, and return."

"Not I. I have had enough of confessing to
last me all my life. Besides, it is too late
now!"

"Then will you?" said the good woman—
speaking in French—as she came and looked
affectionately over her shoulder.

"No!"

"Then will the of him?"

"No!"

Prudence drew a long breath, and shook her
head, sadly.

"Oh, my sweet ear!—I fear—I fear!"

Regina was silent. She changed her position
once or twice, and finally got up, and
looked into the kind old face that bent over
her.

"Prudence, I like him, and I will try to be
good to him, for his own sake, and for
Alice's!"

"But why marry him?"

"For his comfort, to be sure!" said the girl,
frankly. "And then, I know how it will pain—
some one, to hear it."

"Ah!"

The old woman returned to her packing.
She was a woman, and she understood this bit
of feminine revenge—passively sympathized
with it. At all events, she said so much
against it.

"What are you putting up all those frip-
peries for?" asked Regina, contemptuously.

"I will not have them."

"But a bride, my dear!"

"Bride, or no bride, they shall not go.
Turn them out—give them to the millin-
ers. Poor Ruth! she ought to be here to summon
them. She has a feminine love for trinkets.
I wish I had. Dear Ruth! I should like to
see her in her wedding dress, with that soft,
white veil falling almost to her feet. She will
be as beautiful as she was when she played
Undine. Do you remember that, Prudence?"

"Yes. But Miss Ruth will hardly look more
beautiful than you, my dear, in your robes.
The dress is enough to make any one expire
with envy; and as for the veil and the orange
flowers—"

"Prudence, what are you talking about? I
have ordered no bridal dress!"

"You order no dress, my dear, at any
time!" said the good woman, a little fright-
ened at the result of her temerity.

"Do you mean to say that you have been
conspiring to trick me out in white satin and
orange blossoms?" asked Regina, half angry,
half amused.

"My dear, the dress will be here to-mor-
row. When you cast your eyes upon it, you
will repent anything you may say against it
to-day!"

"You may give it to Eliza or to Jane. I will
not wear it. White, indeed! and for me? I
wonder at you, Prudence!"

"But be reasonable, my child! What will
you wear?"

"Black, of course!"

Prudence uttered a little shriek of dismay.

"Married in black! Who ever heard of
such a thing? What good fortune would at-
tend such a wedding as that would be?"

"Not much, I dare say!" replied Regina,
with a melancholy smile. "But then, good
fortune is not for me! You dear old woman,
don't you see that mourning is the only suit-
able dress, after all? There, we will say so
more about it! I protest we shall have no
wedding if you do!"

A knock at the door silenced the eloquent
appeal Prudence was about to make. She
opened it, and John tendered a card, which she
gave to Regina.

"The Earl of Charlemont here, and at this
hour of the day? It must be some mistake!
John!"

The servant entered.

"Who gave you this?"

"Robert, Miss Regina!"

"And who is Robert, pray?"

"Servant out of livery, Miss Regina—a kind
of confidential servant to Lord Charlemont!"

"Humph!"

"His lordship is waiting," John ventured to
observe.

"Where?"

"In the study."

"Did he give you any message?"

"No, Miss Regina."

"Well, you may go. I will come down.
What can it mean, Prudence?" she added, as
John retreated.

"Eight of the clock," said Prudence, look-
ing at the timepiece on the mantel shelf.
"Something must have happened, my dear!"

"To Ruth!" said Regina, starting from the
mirror before which she stood. "I am sure of
it!" And without another word, she flew
down the stairs, with white lips, and a heart
beating so that she could scarcely draw her
breath.

Charlemont looked pleased at seeing her
enter wearing her simple dressing-gown, and
with her hair carelessly arranged. He fancied
she had been in such haste to meet him; for
the moment, he quite forgot the letter of which
he was the supposed bearer, and sprang for-
ward to welcome her with all a lover's eager-
ness.

"My darling, how can I thank you for
coming to me so soon?"

"Tell me at once," she whispered, leaning
upon his arm, because she felt too faint to
stand alone. "Ruth, Ruth! What of her?
Is she ill? Has she sent you for me? Speak!"

"Ruth is well!"

The color came back to her lips, and she
went and sat down in her easy chair.

"Why did you frighten me so?" she said,
half angrily. "If she is well and happy, why
on earth did you come out here at this un-

hand of love? Have you brought me a letter—have you seen her?"

"There is no answer to all your questions!" he said, as he placed a sealed note in her hands. "It will show you why I have stood against marriage so deeply in choosing the hour of my coming."

"Dear, dear Ruth!" said Regina, kissing the letter. "A regular Italian, school girl, sentimental hand, and a seal—a forget-me-not, with a French motto! Good Ruth!"

She opened the letter. Charlemont watched her face anxiously. She read it first to herself, and then aloud.

"Just listen, Charlemont!"

"My dear—"

"I have only just time to say 'well and happy' in answer to your questions! I have been longing to write to you each day, but each day I have waited for these tidings! Now receive them! I am married, Regina! How oddly it sounds! Married—and to one who has been so dear to me for so many years!—surely I am in a happy dream!"

"Charlemont and Harry say I am to receive my response till we meet in Paris. How strange it has all ended, has it not? We shall expect you each day; do not be long after us—and take my best wishes for your wedding-day, my dear one! May you be happy! You have made a wise choice of a husband, and I think that we shall really be sisters—no heart only, but in name! I was your niece, and I thought of you! I have a million things to say to you when we meet! Oh, to think that we are to meet again, and so soon, and so happy! They are calling me, and Charlemont is eager to say good-bye! I say it, too, for a time; and may God bless my dear Regina, in the heartfelt prayer of—"

"Ruth."

"Poor little fool!" was Regina's first remark, as she concluded. "I hope he will be good to her!"

"He is devoted to her!"

"For how long?"

"For a lifetime, of course!"

"That does not follow!" she said, shrugging her shoulders. "But never mind; tell me of the wedding! Did you give the bride away?"

"I had the honor!"

"Both cried, I dare say!"

"A little."

"All women do!"

"Why, I wonder!"

"Possibly because they imagine they are to have very good reasons for tears in the future!" said Regina, dryly.

"Ah!"

"Did she look pretty?"

"Very."

"And they are in Paris now?"

"They are."

Charlemont, who had been suffering through this cross examination such torture as a man must always suffer who descends to falsehood, gladly turned the conversation when it had reached this point.

"Shall we join them there, Regina?"

"How long do they remain? It depends on that!"

"Only a day or two."

"So that is order to join them—"

"We should be married at once."

"What does 'at once' mean?"

"This very morning!" he said, desperately, thinking it best to speak out, without further diplomacy.

"You are beside yourself to think of such a thing!" she replied, with a merry laugh.

"No! listen, Regina. A friend of mine has promised to perform the ceremony—he is the curate of a quiet little parish church, where no one will ever come to look at us—another friend will be there as witness. Everything is quite ready for the journey. Mrs. Prudence can attend to all things here at three hours' notice!"

"Upon my word, you are an artless youth!" she exclaimed. "You have made all arrangements, I see. Now, what if I refuse?"

"You will not, for Ruth's sake."

She stood and thought for a few moments, while he paced up and down the room with feverish impatience.

"After all, it may as well be sooner as later," she said at last.

"Do you consent?"

"On one condition."

"Name it."

"That you do not find fault with my some-what garb, and she touched her black dress—"

"I cannot wear colors. I have wanted to speak to you about this before."

"As if I cared for your dress, my darling!" he cried, rising up, and taking both her hands in his. "Ah, Regina, how happy you have made me!"

She looked at him with a melancholy smile.

"I am glad if I can make any one happy."

"My lawyer will be here in a few moments."

"Everything can be arranged before eleven o'clock; and at twelve—at twelve—I shall stand here again beside my wife—Regina!"

He would have embraced her, but she drew back.

"You have never allowed me to touch those beautiful lips yet, my love!"

"They will soon be your own," she said, gravely. "I must leave you now. My poor Prudence, she will be quite wild when she hears of this new plan. She is to go with us."

"Of course, and all your pets, too—I have seen to everything. Hows and Roberts are to be devoted especially to their welfare and comfort on the trip. All you have to do, my love, is to put on your bonnet and your dress, and drive to church with me. Everything else is arranged, or will be before we return. I expect some very much."

"Good-bye, then, for the present. I am sorely afraid you will repeat all this haste one day, my love."

He smiled, smilingly, as he kissed her hand. So that the hours passed by, and all was well till she was truly his own, he had left her for the future.

Regina went up to her own room, smiling, half sadly, half gravely, to herself. Over the door and through the doorway of the tale she had to tell, she was to be content to draw a veil. Let it suffice to say, that impossibilities were removed, possibilities by her complete movements when she returned from the first steps

of attachment, and that at exactly eleven o'clock—the settlements having been signed, and the hall filled with a collection of imperial, trunk and boxes, packed by the united force of the domestic staff—a procession of three carriages moved from the gate, and took its way towards a little parish church beyond the corner of Hammoorhith. In one sat Regina, dressed in mourning, but looking very beautiful, with the grace and poise of her robe falling gracefully around her stately form, and a single diamond blazing like a star in the jetty braids above her brow. Prudence accompanied her. In the other carriage came the Earl. The third was to bring back the happy bride and groom, and afterwards to take them to the station in time for the first afternoon train for Paris.

Regina was very silent and sad. "Clifford! Clifford!" her heart kept saying all the way; and looks, and words, and tones she had hoped were quite forgotten, came up before her with a startling power, now that the thought of them was so soon to be a sin. In those green lanes through which her carriage was rolling so swiftly, they had strayed for hours in the genial spring sunshine. Under that hawthorn, near that drooping willow they had paused and talked of a happy future to be shared together. The leaves had scarcely lost their green, and yet he was far away, and this was her wedding morning! By yonder stile across the fields, they had watched the crickets at their merry games. Between those level hedge-rows they had passed to and fro, shut out from the world and seeing nothing but the blue heaven overhead—bearing nothing but the singing of happy birds, or the low tones of each other's happy voices. There was the Priory, and they had gone one day into the quiet little chapel, and looked with curious awe at the burning lights and the silent nuns, kneeling in their violet habits before an altar decked with flowers and candles, and gay with gifts. He had said, how dear a thing it seemed to pray since he could pray for her—had said it with his own sweet smile, looking up at the quiet noon sky as they went down the Priory steps, and the lay sister closed the door behind them. And now! and now! Oh, when would Clifford pray for her again? When should she master this feeling, strong as death, and far more cruel than the grave, that would not let her pray for him—would not let her dwell one moment on his image, without such pangs as these? Her heart answered sadly, "Never!" and she knew that it said the truth. Countess Charlemont she might indeed be; yet Clifford would not be forgotten. Loved, idolized, worshipped; yet not loving in her turn, but always cold and always sad. Was it well that she should act out this dreadful lie? Well that she should stand before the altar, and promise love and honor one who was no more to her than the Earl? Her hand was on the check-string; she was about to yield to the whispered counsel of her good angel, and to break off, though at the last moment, this marriage, whose conditions she could not keep. But a small hand breathed softly in her ear.

"You would give up all this—and for what? Would Clifford come back to you? Not he! He loves Helen Krimford. No doubt he is rejoiced at heart at his escape. When he returns and marries her, think what a triumph it will be for him to find you still single, still wretched and for his sake! He despises you now, but then—oh, then, he will despise you more!"

A passionate sob rose to her lips.

"What is it, my darling?" asked Prudence, who had been watching her changing her face anxiously.

"Nothing—nothing! Let me alone! I wish I was dead—that is all!" and she buried her face in her hands and leaned back in her own corner of the carriage.

A few rods more, and they turned into the broad road, and Prudence saw a little Gothic church before them. The doors were open, and one or two stray butchers' boys and servants, out on errands, having smell out a wedding, were hanging around the porch to see the bride go in.

"My dear," said Prudence, gently, "we have arrived."

A shudder ran over Regina from head to foot, but she said nothing. Captain Grosvener came eagerly forward to the carriage door; he was to give the bride away. As she passed into the vestry, leaning on his arm, the butchers' boys stared oddly at each other.

"Can't be a wedding, can it, Bill?" said one, dubiously.

"Like a funeral, I should say—only I can't see no corpse."

Regina heard him, and gave a dreary smile. At that moment there seemed so little life or hope within her, that she might almost as fitly lie down within a coffin as upon a bridal couch.

The clergyman, who was quite a young man, seemed terribly afraid of the tall, beautiful woman, who looked at him so gravely out of her dark eyes. To him, the match was everything that was imprudent and terrible; and he had only been won over to play his part in it by the entreaty of the Earl in person. He evidently looked upon the actress as a kind of sorceress, and trembled under her glance as a bird would tremble before a serpent about to charm it to its death. His embarrassment only added to that of the party before him, and they placed themselves so awkwardly at the altar, that, but for Tom Grosvener's presence of mind, Prudence would have been the Countess of Charlemont, instead of her young mistress. The ceremony began when this little mistake had been rectified, and the Earl grew more composed on stealing a glance round the church, and seeing no accusing face looking down on him from organ-loft or gallery. All was safe, so far as his poor young victim was concerned.

He made his responses in a clear, low voice, and with deep feeling. Regina looked like one in a dream. Not once did her eyes meet his. Not once did she touch him as they knelt or stood side by side. He felt that her heart was far away—he knew, intuitively, when he took her hand, that it was cold as ice. She started, and looked curiously at the ring sliding down upon her finger, and half drew back her hand. But he

held it firmly; his own were hot and trembling, and his cheeks were flushed, and his eyes burning with a strange light. The blessing was pronounced; they walked down the aisle, and the slight hand was resting on his arm. Tom Grosvener escorted them with a smiling face to sign their names in the vestry. The clergyman, having divested himself of his surplice, came round to shake Charlemont by the hand and wish him joy. He did it with an air of protest; and addressing Regina by her new title, roused her from the reverie into which she had fallen. She looked at her husband.

"At last!" he said, with a smile—"at last—Countess of Charlemont!" and bending fondly over her, he pressed his lips to hers. They grew cold beneath his own—she had fainted in his arms!

"She is dead!" cried out the terrified clergyman.

"She is ill, idiot!" answered Tom Grosvener, irreverently; and taking up a glass of water on the window-ledge, he brought it to his friend, and Charlemont sprang a little upon her face. His own was almost as white, as she opened her eyes and looked up at him.

"What is it, my lord?"

"You were ill, love! Are you better now?"

"Yes—better. Where is Prudence?"

"Here, beside you."

"Ah, I remember! I all now. Let Prudence take me home."

"She shall go with us, my love."

"No! alone! alone!" murmured Regina, struggling out of his arms, and clinging to her nurse. "I am not well yet, my lord! I will go back with her as I came."

"As you like," said Charlemont, offering her his arm. "Captain Grosvener will go with me. Shall we follow you at once, or—"

He hesitated.

"Give me an hour's rest, my lord," said Regina, faintly. "I shall be able to begin our journey then."

He led her to her own brougham, and saw her seated with Prudence beside her.

"My love, if you wish to defer our journey for a day or two, I will go at once, and telegraph to Paris."

"Oh, no—let us go to-day—at the time named. I shall be quite well enough—quite!"

"In an hour's time, then, expect me at the cottage. Take good care of her, Prudence; and if she continues ill, tell me when I come. If she is better, have all in readiness, so that we may start on the instant. Regina!"

"Yes, my lord."

"Here is your glove."

As he placed it in her hand, he bent down and kissed the wedding-ring he had just placed there. The carriage whirled away, and he went back into the vestry. The Reverend Clarence Howard shook hands with him once more as he said good-bye, but evidently regarded him with the eyes of pity. Captain Grosvener waited while he gave orders to his coachman, and then followed him into the brougham, which was driven by the faithful Roberts for that morning.

"The carriage will go back to the cottage, Roberts," said the Earl. "And you may drive into the Park."

They had got far down the High Street, in Kensington, before either of the occupants of the brougham spoke. Charlemont turned, at last, to his companion, who was intently studying the varnished tops of his patent-leather boots.

"Well, Tom!"

"What do you think about it all?"

"Do you really want me to say?"

"Of course!"

"It is a very delicate subject!"

"Out with it!"

"It is the deuce's own delight then!" said Captain Tom, very profoundly.

"By heaven! I think you are right!" groaned poor Charlemont.

"Still, you have many things on your side. And one is, that she is yours at last. I give you joy, my dear fellow!"

They shook hands silently.

"Do you think she will ever love me, Tom?"

"Of course! Women always do after they are once married. But I confess, I have been afraid she would slip through my fingers all this while. You have played a bold game for her; you deserved to win, and I am glad you have!"

"She was thinking of him all the while!" cried out the Earl, biting his moustache. "I saw it in her face; and, by heaven, I was so miserable, at one time, that I had a great mind to say, 'Here, my dear, I will set you free, even now, if you like.' What if I had, Tom?"

"You would have been a fool for your pains! There is not such another Countess in the United Kingdom!"

"I know it—I know it!" replied poor Charlemont, with a heavy sigh. "And she must love me by and by. I will be so kind to her that she cannot help it. Hang that Clifford!"

"There, never mind him now. He is out of the way, that is one comfort. Where do you go first?"

"To Paris."

"You gave her the letter from Ruth, to-day?"

"Yes."

"She suspected nothing?"

"Nothing!"

"That fellow of yours has the head of a prime minister. He has managed this business splendidly. He is very faithful, is he not?"

"Oh, very."

"Where is he now?"

"At home, I dare say. We will drive down and see. We have plenty of time, and I hardly think he would go out to the cottage without getting a message from me. Roberts, home!"

"What will you do with Ruth?"

"He will think of some plan after we are safely off. I can only think of one thing now, and that is Regina."

"But she expects to meet her in Paris."

"True."

"How will you manage that?"

"There has already done it. Letters are awaiting the Countess of Charlemont, then, at this moment, to inform her that my brother Harry has been suddenly called to Germany, on business; but that they will meet us in Rome. Once on the Continent, it is an easy thing to account for missing friends; and in a year or two she will forget Ruth, I trust, and be content with your humble servant."

"What if I fill your place with Ruth, George?"

"You are welcome."

"She was a beautiful creature!"

"Yes, to one who has not known and loved a Regina."

"Gentle, I suppose and affectionate?"

"You have just described her—a nature all honey and sweetness. She is like a special—the more harshly you treat her, the more she favors upon you."

"How bitter you are!"

"Not at all. I am only telling you the truth. I dare say you will like her the better for it. Give me more spirit!"

"You have got it!" said Tom, briefly.

"Yes. The Countess of Charlemont is made of different materials from that poor little girl! If Ruth had been like her, she would have been with me to-day!"

"I wonder what they have done with the poor little devil!"

"A friend of mine has taken charge of her till we are off. You will get her address, if they have removed her, at Wilverton Cottage, in—shire."

"Thank you! I shall be going down into the country to-morrow, and will try my hand at counseling her. But I say, Charlemont, what is all that row about?"

They were just turning into Park Lane, when a crowd in the street interrupted their progress. Charlemont looked out, and saw a female figure wrapped in a torn and dingy gray cloak, and surrounded by a ring of boys, who were hissing and jeering at her.

"A drunken woman, Tom, that is all! Go on, Roberts! I wonder where the policeman can be?"

"Drunk! I hardly think it! Ah, you coward, would you!" and darting from the carriage, Captain Grosvener pounced upon an unhappy newsboy who had tried to trip up the poor creature as she ran wildly to and fro among her tormentors. Charlemont followed him, more to protect his retreat than to join in the threatened melee.

"Here comes two swells!" cried out a young butcher, with a shiny face. "Wonder if they'll ask the lady into the carriage?"

"I'll punch your head for you, you booby, in two minutes!" cried Tom Grosvener, hotly; at which the butcher put down his basket, rolled up his sleeves, and throwing himself into a boxing attitude, begged the Captain "just to come on, and get the best whopping he ever had in his life!"

"Fahaw!" cried the Earl, grasping his friend's arm; "don't get into a scrape here, Tom! The police will be up in a few moments! What is the matter with this woman, my friends?"

"She's got out of the wrong side of the bed, that's all!" cried one.

"Too 'arly!" added another.

"Been imbibing the rosy-making acquaintance with the ardent!" said a third, imitating the action of drinking, with great applause.

"I think not," Charlemont went a step or two nearer, and looking over the heads of his neighbors, said, "What is the matter with you, my poor woman? Can I do anything to help you?"

At the sound of his voice, the bent figure raised itself suddenly, and a white face, lit up with a pair of wild brown eyes, was turned towards him. He started back.

"My God, Tom! can it be?"

"Ah, you have come!" she cried, running towards him, and showing a simple muslin robe under her thick cloak as she threw up her arms. "I knew you would come, George!"

"Here comes the police!" cried out an arch on the outskirts of the crowd.

"Good heaven, Tom! help me to take her to the carriage! Quick! Here, Roberts, my men! Quick, quick!—the policeman is almost here!"

The girl was clinging to him, with her arms around his neck, as he spoke; he hurried her into the carriage, and sprang in after her, just as X 156 came panting and puffing up through the gaping crowd. He looked into the window with an air of authority, but recognizing the Earl, touched his hat very politely.

"All right, my lord!"

"Quite right! A family affair, that is all! Tell the man to drive home! Thank you, my friends!"

The blinds were pulled down with a jerk, and the carriage whirled away. The people dispersed, wondering much what the strange and sudden scene could mean.

The Earl sat pale as death in one corner of the carriage, Ruth covered in another, and Tom Grosvener, surveying them both, relieved his overcharged feelings now and then by a suppressed oath.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SHRIMPABLE QUERIES.—The self-examining society has proposed the following queries to all persons about this financial period:—

1. Does it cost anything to print a newspaper?

2. How long can a printer afford to furnish a paper without pay?

3. Do printers eat, drink, and wear clothing?

4. If they do, how do they get it?

5. Do I pay for my paper?

6. Is not this particular period a first-rate time to pay up?

We consider this a good sort of a catechism, and the sharpest delinquent subscriber will no doubt understand it first and pony up instantly.

CRUEL FOR RIBBON AND CORRUPTION.—Legislative on bribery. Punish secret bribery with fine and imprisonment. Every case of bribery and corruption being a public transaction, the number of rogues in any constituency will be notorious. When the rogues become too many for prudent purposes disfranchise the constituency.—Frank.

NEWS ITEMS.

GENERAL HARRY has arrived at Washington, having been recalled from his command in Oregon, at the instance of Gen. S. G. on account of his conduct in the San Juan affair. He will probably be court-martialed.

OVERSEAS AND MEXICO.—The Delaware Republic states that a daughter of Eschschbach Griffith, aged fourteen, residing about eight miles from Miffland, East county, Del., left home on Monday morning, for the purpose of going to a neighbor's house; but, in passing through a piece of woods, was assaulted and abused by a negro, and then strangled to death. The negro is in prison.

NEW DREAM AMONG CATTLE.—The Newark (N. J.) Advertiser says that on many farms between that city and the towns of Bloomfield and Belleville the cows have been taken with swelling of the feet, which become inflamed and discharge pus-like matter. There have been, as yet, no fatal terminations, but there is much anxiety as to the result.

WOMEN.—It is said that two words in English, one in French, and one in Italian, will take a man through the world. It is of course understood that he has a purse to back the expression. Some travelers have asserted that a combination of the French "cambien" and the English "dams," constitute a sufficient vocabulary for all practical purposes among foreigners.—*Providence Journal*.

A contemporary of the *Forbes* and *Chronicle* gives the following particulars of the death of a lady by lightning, at Hampton, on Wednesday last:—"During the thunder storm on Wednesday evening a house, owned by Mr. Lampry, Keq., and occupied by Mr. Dearborn and Mr. Brown, was struck by lightning, and Mrs. Brown, an Irish lady, was instantly killed, while at prayer, having just made the remark to Mr. Dearborn that if the Lord was to take them, she knew of nothing better to be doing than to be at prayer. She leaves four small children to the care of her husband. The house is so much damaged as not to be worth repairing.

The private letters by the Pacific from bankers and merchants in Liverpool and London are very encouraging, so far as American interests are concerned. It is conceded that the deficiency in the harvest is now ascertained to be such as to make heavy draughts upon the United States markets inevitable. There was also a livelier demand for most descriptions of American securities at earlier prices.

Mrs. GRUBBS is said to be at present in the country, living at one of the fashionable watering places, under an assumed name. She is said to be worth £5,000,000 sterling in her own right!

TRANSMITTING ENGRAVINGS TO WHITE PAPER.—The London Builder gives the following rule for transferring engravings to white paper:—"Place the engravings for a few seconds under the vapor of iodine. Dip a slip of white paper in a weak solution of starch, and when dry, lay a slip upon the engraving, and place them for a few minutes under the press. The engraving will then be reproduced in all its delicacy and finish. The iodine has the property of fixing the black part of the ink upon the engraving, and not on the white." This important discovery is yet in its infancy.

HATFIE'S STATISTICS.—An official Hatfield document, gives the number of births, deaths, marriages and divorces in various villages in different parts of the county, during three months, shows that the whole number of children born in three months was 1,900, of whom 1,740 were born out of wedlock. In Port au Prince, the capital, out of 420 children born, only 30 were legitimate. If any other country on the face of the earth, where the marriage institution is recognized, can exhibit such a monstrous disproportion between the legitimate and illegitimate births, we know not where it is to be found.

INCIDENT.—Several young ladies were looking at the sleeping berths of His Royal Highness, when one dame anxiously asked the attendant if he could tell which berth was the Prince's own one. She was answered that he "did not know." The young lady, in a very sentimental tone of voice, said she was "sorry, she would so liked to have placed her hand on his pillow." "Then, marm," said the matter of fact attendant, "I think you had better put it on to all of them, and you will be sure to be right." This seemed to destroy the dame's

Wit and Humor.

CONSIDER ME SMITH.

There is a very good story told in the papers of the day, which was played by old Dr. Caldwell, formerly of the University of North Carolina.

The old doctor was a small, long man, but as hard and angular as the most irregular of pine knots.

He looked as if he might be tough, but he did not seem strong. Nevertheless, he was, among the knowing ones, reputed to be as agile as a cat; and, in addition, was by no means deficient in the knowledge of the "noble science of self-defense." Besides, he was cool as a cucumber. Well, in the Freshman class of a certain year was a barley, beef mountaineer of eighteen or nineteen. This genius conceived a great contempt for old Boles's physical dimensions, and his soul was horrified that one so deficient in muscle should be so potent in his rule.

For Jones—that's what we'll call him—had no idea of moral force. At any rate he was not inclined to knock under, and he controlled deceptively by a man that he imagined he could tie and whip. He at length determined to give the gentleman a gentle private thrashing, some night in the college campus, pretending to mistake him for some fellow student.

Shortly after, on a dark and rainy night, Jones met the doctor crossing the campus. Walking up to him abruptly—

"Hello, Smith! you recall—is this you?"

And with that he struck the old gentleman a blow on the side of the face that had nearly felled him.

Old Boles said nothing, but squared himself, and at it they went. Jones' youth, weight, and muscle made him an "ugly customer," but after a round or two the doctor's science began to tell, and in a short time he had knocked his beefy antagonist down, and was astraddle on his chest, with one hand on his throat, and the other dealing vigorous cuffs on the side of his head.

"Ah! stop! I beg pardon, doctor! Dr. Caldwell—a mistake—for heaven's sake, doctor!" groaned Jones, who thought he was about to be eaten up. "I—I really thought it was Smith!"

The doctor replied with a word and a blow alternately.

"It makes no difference; for all present purposes consider me Smith!"

And it is said that Old Boles gave Jones such a pounding, then and there, as probably prevented his ever making another mistake as to personal identity, at least on the college campus.

HOW JED MISSED IT.

Some folks are in the habit of talking in their sleep, and Miss Betsey Wilson was of the number. This peculiarity she accidentally revealed to Jedediah Jenkins, in a careless, conversational way. Jedediah had just finished the recital of a matrimonial dream, in which the young lady and himself figured as hero and heroine, he having imagined the same for the sake of saying, at the conclusion, it was "too good to be true," and by thus speaking paradoxically, securing the demand of what he dared not speak plainly.

"I never dream," said Betsey, "but I sometimes talk half the night, and tell everything I know in my sleep."

"You don't say so?"

"Yes; I never can have a secret from mother. If she wants to know anything, she pumps me after I've gone to bed, and I answer her questions as honestly as if my life depended on it. That's the reason I wouldn't go to ride the other night. I knew she would find it out. It is awful provoking!"

Some days after this, Jed called at the house, and entering the parlor unannounced, found Miss Betsey, probably overcome by the heat of the weather, had fallen asleep on the sofa.

Now Jed, as the reader has surmised, had long felt an overwhelming partiality for the young lady, and yearned to know if it was returned; but though possessed of sufficient courage to mount "the imminent deadly breach," or breaches (countable ones, we mean), he could never muster spirit enough to inquire into the state of her heart. But he now bethought himself of her confessed somnambule legacy, and felt that the time to ascertain his fate had come. Approaching the sofa, he whispered:

"My dear Betsey, tell me, oh, tell me the object of your fondest affections?"

The fair sleeper gave a faint sigh, and responded, "I love—let me think—(here you might have heard the beating of Jed's heart through a brick wall)—I love heaven, my country, and baked beans. But if I have one passion above all others, it is for roast onions!"

The indignant lord didn't wince her, but slept at once, a sadder but not a wiser man.

TO SAVE TROUBLE.

Time is so precious at Pike's Peak, and the ranch men are so bored to death by the thousand and one questions generally asked by those who are seeking there, that one man at Fremont Springs has adopted this device to save trouble.

Read! Don't ask any questions for Heaven's sake, for here are the answers:

Question—How far is it to Denver?

Ans.—Eighty-four miles.

Q.—How far to Golden Spring?

A.—Two miles and a half.

Q.—Can we get any wood there?

A.—A very good.

Q.—How do you like living here?

A.—Well enough.

Q.—How long have you owned this ranch?

A.—About two years.

Q.—Are you married?

A.—No.

Q.—Why don't you get a wife?

A.—None of your business.

Q.—Do you sell whiskey?

A.—Yes.

Q.—How much a drink?

A.—Fifteen cents.

Q.—One of the most dangerous of all evils is the man with a gun in his hand.

PRACTICAL JOKING BY TELEGRAPH.

Some ten years or more ago, there was upon the New York and Washington telegraph line, of the Philadelphia station, an operator named Thayer, who, besides being an adept at the business, was a gentleman of culture and wit, and exceedingly fond of a joke, no matter at whose expense. At the New York terminus of the line there was, on the contrary, a steady, matter-of-fact sort of man, who was no appreciator of jokes, and never practiced them. The President of the line was Hon. B. F. French, for many years Clerk of the House of Representatives, at Washington, a wit, poet, and humorist. Of course he appreciated humor wherever he came across it.

Thayer took it into his head one day to send a despatch to some fatuous name in New York, for the purpose of enjoying a laugh at the expense of the operator at New York. Accordingly he composed and forwarded the following:

"Philadelphia, April, 1846.

"To Mr. Jones, New York:

"Send me ten dollars at once, so that I can get my clothes. (Signed,) JULIA."

"13 words, collect 34 cents."

The operator at New York, not suspecting any joke, asked the Philadelphia operator for the address.

The Philadelphia operator replied that "the lady didn't leave any," and asked him to "look in the Directory for it."

The New York operator replied that he "had already done so, but as there were over fifty Jones's in the Directory, he was at a loss to know which one to send it to."

"If that is the case," says Thayer, "you had better send a copy to each of them, and charge thirty-four cents a piece."

The New York operator did so, and I will give the result of the arrangement in the words of the President, Mr. French, from whom, a few days after this affair, Mr. Thayer received the following letters:

"New York, April 6, 1846.

"Mr. Thayer—Sir: A few days since you sent a despatch purporting to be from one Julia, addressed to Mr. Jones, New York. The New York operator informed you that he desired an address, as there were upwards of fifty Joneses in the Directory, and was at a loss to know which one of them it was designed for. You replied, that in that case he must send a copy to every one of them and charge upon each; and the operator at New York, in the innocence of his heart, did so. Some twenty of the Joneses paid for their despatches, but there was one sent to the residence of an elderly merchant of that name, who being away from home when it arrived, it was opened by his wife, and was the occasion of a very unpleasant domestic scene. Mr. Jones has been to see me in relation to the matter, and threatens to sue the company for damages, taking the thing very much to heart."

"Now, this is all very funny, and a good joke, and I have laughed at it as heartily as anybody; but you had not better try it again, or any of the rest of the operators upon the line, if you value your situations."

HOOD'S ODDITIES.

The following brevities by Hood were found mostly in his pocket book:

Some men pretend to penetration who have not half-penny-worth.

"Warning out secrets." After a shower the worms come forth: so—wet a man's clay, and you will soon see his secrets.

A Quaker loves the Ocean for its broad brim. A parish clerk has an amenity of disposition. A man once took perpetual physic to improve the expression of his face.

Funny draughts can hardly be called drinking. Pats cannot be deemed P. ations.

Mr. — put up his hay wet, for fear of incandescence.

The Germans would have made Adam of pipe clay.

A ghost, full of the spirit de corps.

As superior in strength as A-bility to D-bility. A surgeon courted a lady, and, when rejected, charged for his visits.

My father, (a character in "Our Family") gives a large donation to a blind man, because he himself is enjoying a fine prospect.

"What a little child!"—Ah, his parents never made much of him.

Two young Irishmen, for cheapness, and to divide their expenses, agree the one to "board," and the other to "lodge."

A good church minister is described as pious personified.

Her face was so sunburnt she need only have buttered it to become a "toast."

Who have the tenderest feet? Cornish men.

A PRESCRIPTION FOR POPPERY.

Twenty years ago, a farmer's barn in the vicinity of Worcester was struck by lightning, and burned to the ground. Many of the citizens had gone to the fire, when a sup, well strapped and dinked, with his cap on outside of his head, met the celebrated Dr. G., and accented him in this wise: "Can you—ah, tell me, doctor, how far they have succeeded in extinguishing the conflagration of the—ah, unfortunate yeoman's barn?" The doctor eyed the individual attentively, dropped his head as usual for a moment, and then slipping his thumb and finger into his vest pocket, took out a couple of pills, and handed them to him, saying:

"Take these, sir, and go to bed, and if you do not feel better in the morning, call at my office."

THE HAND PLANT.—At Ashdown House, near Chichester, the seat of Charles Dorrice, Esq., there is at the present time a very curious plant in bloom, the *Chirostemon platensis*, or Hand Plant. It flowered for the first time last year. The fingers—which stretch out like a man's hand ready to grasp at anything—are about two inches long, and of a beautiful red color, the back of them being covered with yellow pollen. The plant is about six feet high, and we believe we are correct in stating that it is the only one ever known to have flowered in Europe.—*Albion paper.*

FRUSTRATING OF A SEARCH FOR A PRETENSE TO BE MORE POTENT. A greatly life is the strongest argument that you can offer to the skeptic.—*Household.*

THE STRONGEST MAN.—As an effect against the strong state of Dr. Whimsy, it is stated that a man in England raised three thousand pounds on a single piece of paper and carried it out of the kingdom.



NOTHING LIKE HAVING A GOOD REASON.

MR. WILLIAM.—"Swiggle! what induced you to put such wine as this before me?"
BUTLER.—"Well, you see, Mr. William, as somebody must drink it, and there ain't none of us in the hall as can touch it!"

CHINESE COOKERY.

The Abbe Le Noir has recently published a singular article in the scientific journals entitled "De l'Utilisation de tout en Chine, pour l'Alimentation." We translate a few passages:

"China has long felt the need of wasting nothing—she has conquered her prejudices, has experimented with everything, and has adopted, as ordinary food, many of the productions of nature of which we make no use."

"The lower classes were the first to eat substances which the rich disdained. Through them, all inventions, children of necessity, have been made; and afterward they were followed by the rest of the world. I give a few examples drawn from the animal kingdom:

"The flesh of the dog in Europe is considered to be the worst of all meats; it is supposed to be entirely inedible. The Chinese deem it otherwise; they fatten their dogs when they begin to grow old, and eat them; the stalls of the butchers are furnished with dog meat, just as with other meats. Indeed the most grovelling have succeeded in breeding a kind of dog peculiarly adapted to fattening, which they call butchery dogs; it is a variety of the wolf-dog, with straight ears, which are characterized by having the tongue, palate, and the whole interior of the throat black."

"It is said, that in certain restaurants in our great cities cat meat is served up for rabbit-meat; the Chinese have nothing of these mysteries; they consider cat meat to be excellent, and at all butchers shops enormous cats are seen hung up by the head and tail."

"On all farms these cats are found fattened by short chains, where they are fattened with the remains of rice from the family repasts. These belong to a very large variety of cat, and the quiet life which they are thus compelled to live renders it much more easy to fatten them."

"The rat is also an animal which occupies a large place in the food of the Chinese. Its flesh is eaten, as well as that of the cat and dog, either fresh or salted—these which are salted being principally intended for consumption on board of the junks. The farmers feeding rat-raising to be profitable, have invented a very ingenious convenience for breeding them. They have rattles as we have our pig-houses. They are made by furnishing places which are favored by rats, with bottles having a neck large enough to admit the hand. The animals take these bottles, which are bricked into the walls for holes, make their nests there and raise their young, and the farmer goes from hive to hive to gather his harvest of young rats as ours do to gather the pigeons which they raise."

THE PANTHER-KILLER.—You have probably heard for the last three or four years of the famous French lion-killer, Jules Gerard. Well, he has arrived, a man with a most unpromising name, but who is none the less a mighty hunter: the man's name is Bombonnel, and his specialty is panthers. Several panthers in Africa fell under his sure aim, but with one of the tribe he came to terrible grief, and was near coming to grief irretrievable. This is the story that makes him so famous in Paris, and on account of which people so run after him, that on the Boulevard you may be obstructed by M. Bombonnel as by a crowd of vehicles. The panther requires to be shot at first spring, for if not thoroughly disabled, she flies at you at your first move. She has no organ of smell, but her ear is so quick that a pin-drop would startle her. On one occasion M. Bombonnel fired at a magnificent panther, and shot off her two front paws. The beast fell, and lay still. He waited—thought her dead; he moved—she flew at him spite of her wounds, and flung her whole weight on him, threw him on the ground. He was under—the animal uppermost. Opening her huge paw she bent it over him, and took it in his head. Then came one bite, and another bite, and another, and at each bite her fearful fangs went through his flesh. The work of biting, however, did not seem easy, for the free play of the jaw was not left her; and his victim, with great promises of mind, seized her throat, and forced her to relax her hold. Having once extricated himself from his perilous position, and brought the fierce creature to a literal want of breath, she was subsequently got rid of by the hunter's knife.—*French Correspondent.*

THE STRONGEST MAN.—As an effect against the strong state of Dr. Whimsy, it is stated that a man in England raised three thousand pounds on a single piece of paper and carried it out of the kingdom.

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MARRIAGE IN GERMANY.—Marriage in Germany is preceded by the following ceremonies and forms:—1st, proposal; 2nd, betrothal; 3rd, a public family dinner or supper of announcement; 4th, the procuring, or testimonials required by government, being—1st, a certificate of vaccination; 2nd, a week day school-ticket, in proof of regular attendance there; 3rd, a certificate of attendance upon a religious teacher; 4th, a certificate of confirmation; 5th, a conduct certificate; 6th, a service book; 7th, a wanderbook, (this refers to the compulsory travels of their handwork brooms, or handicraftsmen); 8th, an apprentice ticket; 9th, a statement made and substantiated as to property, which, if not considered satisfactory, according to circumstances, destroys the whole thing; 10th, a permission from the parents; 11th, residence permission ticket; 12th, a certificate as to the due performance of militia duties; 13th, an examination ticket; 14th, a ticket of business or occupation at the time. The higher classes have even more difficulties than these. Thus a Bavarian officer cannot marry until he has provided £40 per annum for his future family.

"Mr. Jones, have you got a match?" "Yes, sir, a match for the old boy. There she is mixing up dough." Jones pointed to his wife, and then said from the front door. The last we saw of Jones he was "killing" it down the road, holed by a red-headed lady with a distemper.

Useful Receipts.

Mr. Editor of the Saturday Evening Post—The following four receipts are very choice:—

ALMOND BROCCAGE.—Take twelve eggs, their weight in sifted sugar; half of this in flour; (this makes enough for two Turk's Heads.) Beat the yolks a little, then add the sugar, and stir it well: beat the whites as light as possible, and add as much of essence of bitter almonds, (Blairs), as will flavor pleasantly, (say one teaspoonful.) Lastly, stir the flour lightly, and pour the mixture into two Turk's Heads; bake about three-fourths of an hour, in a moderate oven. Flat time bake them very nicely, but are more sure not to burn, by placing greased paper on the bottom and sides. If one quarter of the whites are saved and added last of all, it is said to make a nice crust on the top.

JEROME.—Weigh a half pound of butter, three-fourths of a pound of flour, half pound white powdered sugar; put by a little of the sugar to roll them in. Beat two eggs well, add a little nutmeg. This must be made into a soft dough. Do not roll it on the paste-board, but break off pieces of dough the size of a walnut, and make into rings; lay them on tins to bake, an inch apart, as they rise and spread. A moderate oven. SALLY LUX.—Three ounces melted butter, a half tea-cup sugar, one beaten egg, yeast, a pint of milk alternately with the flour, making a batter too thick to pour. Put the mixture into two Turk's Heads, and keep them covered and warm, until light, then bake one hour.

SPANISH BREAD.—Mix six ounces butter with a half pound of sugar; add one teaspoon cream; beat four eggs separately, and put in. Have weighed three-fourths of a pound sifted flour, one teaspoon Zante Currants, add these. Dissolve a half teaspoonful of carbonate of soda in a little brandy or rose water; one teaspoonful of cream tartar, to the same of brandy or rose water, but in another cup.

CURE FOR THE AGUE.—Now that the reason for fever and ague is again approaching, we deem it an act of humanity to publish the following recipe for its cure, which has been repeatedly resorted to within the circle of our acquaintance with invariable success. It is simply to pound up, for a grown person, say four ounces of frankincense, and sew it up in a black silk bag, which is to be worn by the patient next the skin on the pit of the stomach. We counsel the afflicted to try this simple remedy.—*Phil. Press.*

RESCUING SOME EYES.—A minister in Syracuse had a daughter that had, for a long time, been troubled with soreful sore eyes, and after trying in vain many remedies, they heard of one which effected a cure, and published it in the Daily Journal. One of my neighbors, Mrs. Saffer, seeing it, tried the medicine and found immediate relief. It is simply this: Take blue violets, which are growing wild in most places, dig them up, top and root, wash clean, dry them, and make a tea. Drink several times a day, wetting the eyes each time, and it will soon cure. Saffers are very plenty about here.—*Broad New Yorker.*

THE MARCH.—The word march, used by the poets, is of Saxon origin, and signifies a boundary. Hence the districts forming the Scottish border are commonly called in the English annals the Northern Marches, or the Marches of Scotland; and the people are often styled Marchmen. The English title of March, and the German Margrave, are derived from the same word, and meant originally officers who had command on the frontiers of their respective countries.

A HARD HEAD.—In Cincinnati, an Irishman became angry at a darkey and broke seven or eight bricks upon his head without doing him the least injury. The negro, who was perfectly cool during the operation, exclaimed: "Struck away, white man—dile chile don't mind dem pobbles no how! yah! yah!"

Agricultural.

NAILS IN FRUIT TREES.

A singular fact, and one worthy to be recorded, was mentioned to us a few days since, by Mr. Alexander Duke, of Althorpe. He stated that while on a visit to a neighbor, his attention was called to a large peach orchard, every tree of which was totally destroyed by the ravages of the worm with the exception of three, and these were the most thrifty and flourishing peach trees he ever saw. The only cause of their superiority known to the host, was an experiment made in consequence of observing that these parts of worm eaten timber into which nails have been driven were generally sound. When his trees were about a year old, he drove a temporary nail through the body, as near the ground as possible; while the balance of his orchard had generally failed, and finally yielded entirely to the ravages of the worms, these three trees, selected at random, treated precisely in the same manner with the exception of the nailing, had always been healthy, furnishing him at the very period with the greatest profusion of the most luscious fruit. It is supposed that the salt of iron afforded by the nails is offensive to the worm, while it is harmless, perhaps beneficial, to the tree.

A chemical writer on the subject, says:—"The oxidation or rusting of the iron by the sap, evolves ammonia, which as the sap rises, will of course impregnate every particle of the foliage, and prove too severe a dose for the delicate palate of intruding insects."

The writer recommends driving half a dozen nails into the trunk. Several experiments of the kind have resulted successfully.

FARMER'S OMNIBUS.

There are 5 pounds of pure sulphur in every 100 pounds of wool.

Carrots consume 199 pounds of lime to the acre, turnips but 90 pounds.

It takes 5 pounds of corn to form one of beef. Three and a-half pounds of cooked meal will form one of pork.

To add one per cent. of lime to soil that is destitute of it, requires ten pounds of slacked lime or six of caustic to the acre.

Clay will permanently improve any soil that is sandy or leachy. Lime and leached ashes will always benefit leachy land.

A ten of dry forest leaves produces only 500 pounds of mold; hence 500 of mold will produce a ton of plants.

Clay applied to sandy land is far better than sand to clay land. One hundred and sixty tons to the acre will give an inch in depth.

Pure phosphorus is worth from \$1,000 to \$5,000 a ton; and as it comes from the earth it shows how scarce it is.

A rich mold formed by rotting clover, is worth more than the same number of pounds of clover; 400 pounds of dry plants will yield 100 pounds of mold.

Swamp muck, or peat, when dry, will take up without dripping, four times its own weight of water. Hence the necessity of thorough drainage.

Limestone land retains the heat the longest, black, peaty soils radiate the heat most rapidly, consequently cool soonest, and are first to experience frost.

HORSES FOR THE ROAD.—A road horse should be about fifteen hands high, (a hand being four inches,) measured from the top of the shoulder or withers to the ground, when the horse stands naturally; his weight should be about 1,000; for such weight in an animal fifteen hands high, in moderate flesh, indicates compactness and power somewhere. Experience has proved that horses of this size, carry their weight better, on long journeys, pound their feet less on pavements and hard roads, and are apt to be more fleet than those of a larger class, for while greater length and height will give an increased stride, either running or trotting, the power needed for greater rapidity and especially for long distances, requires much greater muscular exertion in large than in small horses from the greater weight to be propelled. Our fastest trotters have generally been from this class.—*Record of the Res. Co. Ag. and Man. Society.*

MEDICAL QUALITIES OF CARROTS.—Stewart, in his excellent work on Stable Economy, says:—"Not only do carrots give strength and endurance to sound horses, but also give recovery and health to such as are sick. There is nothing better, perhaps nothing so good. When first given, they are strictly diuretic and laxative, but as the horses become accustomed to them, these effects cease to be produced. They also improve the state of the skin. They form a good substitute for grass, and an excellent alternative for horses out of condition. To sick and idle horses they render grain unnecessary. They are beneficial in all chronic diseases connected with breathing, and have a marked influence on chronic cough and broken wind. They are serviceable in diseases of the skin; and in combination with castor, restore a worn horse much sooner than castor alone."

CURE FOR THIRDS.—A correspondent of the New England Farmer, says that thrush in horses' feet may be cured in a short time, by cleaning all the dirt out around the frog, jamming in fine salt, and wetting it two or three times a day with beef brine.

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. I am composed of 26 letters.

My 6, 15, 18, 11, is used in farming.

My 15, 21, 14, 2, 5, is a denomination in my weight.

My 17, 21, 19, 8, is a county in Indiana.

My 20, 9, 12, 3, 18, 5, 12, is a musical instrument.

My 8, 15, 21, 18, is a division of time.

My 5, 24, 10, 4, 21, 18, is a book in the Old Testament.

My 19, 18, 16, 9, 14, 7, is one of the seasons.

My 1, 25, 21, 18, 5, is a celer.

My 20, 1, 25, 12, 15, 18, was a President of the United States.

My 21, 18, 16, 14, is a proposition.

My 18, 1, 12, 18, 9, is a boy's name.

My 4, 21, 11, 5, is a title of nobility.

My 1, 8, 18, 5, is a division of square measure.

My 25, 1, 18, 4, is a division of long measure.

My 8, 17, 21, 3, 12, 9, 20, 25, is a sign used in Algebra.

My 22, 5, 18, 12, 15, 14, 20, is one of the United States.

My 5, 12, 9, 25, 1, is a girl's name.

My 16, 18, 22, 5, 12, 2, 5, 18, is one of the twelve months.

My 9, 20, is a pronoun.

My 14, 15, 18, 23, 1, 25, is a country in Europe.

My 7, 15, 12, 4, is a metal.

My 16, 12, 21, 12, is a fruit of many varieties.

My 16, 5, 9, 4, 1, is a lake in New York.

My 19, 20, 16, 15, 8, 14, is a large river in North America.

My 20, 1, 2, 12, 5, is an article of furniture.